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PASTOR AND EVANGELIST

CHARLES L. GOODELL

PASTOR AND EVANGELIST

BY

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TO MY FRIEND

ROBERT SCOTT

A LOVER OF THE TRUTH

PREFACE

To Timothy Paul said, "Stir up the gift of God that is in thee." I would like to sound as best I may the same ringing challenge to the ministry of to-day. There are so many things that claim the pastor's time and thought that unless he is very careful the fine edge of his spiritual life will be dulled. Then, too, he is quite likely to become a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, a server of tables, a promoter and an agent instead of a prophet of God. "Fulfill thy ministry," said the apostle to his son in the Gospel. Many things enter into the pastor's ministry. He must be a student, he must be a preacher, he must be a teacher and a citizen, but everything that he does is of value only as it makes possible the one thing for which he is in the ministry. Even preaching, which is doubtless the highest function of the ministry, is only a means to an end. If the great end is not accomplished, how futile becomes the means!

In these chapters I have tried to put first things first. What is the call of the hour? What is the demand which the Church is facing? How can pastors best fulfill their function as leaders in the

spiritual life of the age? What is it which the spirit would say unto the churches? Much of our contention about formal religious truth is meaningless and void. It eventuates in nothing. "The words that I speak unto you," said Jesus, "are spirit and life."

I have much to say here on the subject of Christian nurture in the home. I am firmly convinced that there has been incalculable loss in religious life because there has been so little inculcation of prayer and Bible study at home. I wish some word of mine might help to stimulate a sane, intelligent Christian life in the home which is the center of everything that is worth while in morality and religion. I wish I might have given other chapters on the training of the Sunday School. Next to the home, this is the field of greatest usefulness in the development of Christian life, and full of unrealized possibilities. In other books of mine, notably in *Pastoral and Personal Evangelism,* I have spoken at length and with deep conviction concerning the spiritual work of the Sunday School. There I have set forth principles which I wish here to reaffirm. With improved methods of teaching, I urge that the evangelistic note which is sounded throughout this book should be especially enforced by pastors and Sunday School teachers.

Some of these chapters have been given in substance before great denominational gatherings of

the churches and before conferences and associations of ministers throughout the country. I wish to thank the *Homiletic Review* and the *Biblical Review* for permission to use articles of mine which they have published. Messages from many gatherings of pastors where some of these addresses have been given encourage me to hope that they may help to quicken the evangelistic impulse of some who have not heard the spoken word; and many have asked that they might have the message in the permanent form in which I now give it. In all this I am speaking out of a long and happy ministry spent in an honest purpose to do the things which I here set forth.

"And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of His Grace which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all those who are sanctified."

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	PREFACE	vii
I	THE PASTOR-EVANGELIST	13
II	EVANGELISM FOR THE TIMES	21
III	THE JESUS WE FORGET	36
IV	THE PASTOR AND HIS OWN SOUL	48
V	THE HOME-GOING PASTOR	61
VI	THE HOUSE OF OBED-EDOM	64
VII	ACCIDENTAL EVANGELISM	71
VIII	THE PASTOR AT EPHESUS	77
IX	THE PASTOR AT SARDIS	87
X	THE PASTOR AT LAODICEA	95
XI	THE PASTOR AT PHILADELPHIA	102
XII	THE PASTOR-EVANGELIST'S OUTLOOK	109
XIII	THE PASTOR-EVANGELIST'S MESSAGE	116
XIV	THE PASTOR-EVANGELIST'S REWARD	122

PASTOR AND EVANGELIST

PASTOR AND EVANGELIST

CHAPTER I

THE PASTOR-EVANGELIST

The swing of the pendulum to-day is toward pastoral evangelism. The church is glad to recall those great days when men with special evangelistic call went forth to do a peculiar work. She is glad to give her assent to the declaration of Paul to the Ephesians that there are men whom God has crowned with special gifts, some apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, some pastors and teachers, for the common end of perfecting the saints for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. But there is a growing feeling that the average pastor may be at the same time prophet, evangelist and teacher, that for every man signally set apart of God to some peculiar task, there are scores to whom God has given such capacity of spiritual service as to fit them to perform the full orbed task of a pastor. The principle here involved is the same

as that of the father and mother in the up-bringing of the child. Special teachers may be called in, but after all in the development of life and character no factor is so important as that of the father and mother who by turns perform the function of guide, physician and teacher.

To Timothy Paul said, do the work of an evangelist, but he also said, make full proof of thy ministry. The most fruitful field of evangelistic work is that which opens to the pastor and those whom he is to lead in life and service. If it is true that people will not go now as formerly to the great evangelistic gatherings in tent and tabernacle, then there is all the more need that the pastor into whose hands has been laid the spiritual welfare of the community, should go to his people with the blessed evangel in his soul. The truth for which the world is crying is a truth that is translated into action. It is a truth which must fall from eager lips and be prompted by a yearning heart. Here lies the success of every man's ministry and the true progress of the Church of God. The Church can live in the world only by individual transference from the natural to the spiritual kingdom. It is by the personal evangelistic appeal that the Church is to make its real advance. When things seem becalmed, when the sky is low and gray, it is then that we cry for the evangel of prophets and pastors and not for the vaporings of philosophers and liberalists.

When that spirit takes possession of the pastor, a new era dawns in his own soul and in the life of his Church. I cannot do better than to call your attention to a notable example in the life of one of the most successful pastors in America. Perhaps no man in the Congregational Church more influenced his own denomination than Constance L. Goodell. In his early ministry at New Britain, Conn., his heart was greatly burdened because he saw almost no evidences of spiritual success in his ministry. With a splendid Church behind him in the four years from '61 to '65 none were received into his Church by profession of faith.

Utterly discouraged, he seriously considered taking up some other work, but in 1865, he invited four young people, leaders in the community but not professed Christians, to come to his home. One of these now living, who served for years in the ministry, has told me what happened. The pastor was greatly burdened for these young people. When seated at the dinner table, with every evidence of deep concern and with actual emotion, he told them of his heart longing for them. It was a revelation to these young people to see the deep concern of their pastor and it resulted in the four giving themselves to Christ upon the spot, and one of the two young men took a college course and entered the ministry. But the matter did not end there. That proved to be the

first experience opening the way for a marvelous ministry.

The pastor saw that the secret of success was to be found in the personal touch and he was so enamored of the work that his heart flamed up with a zeal which was never quenched until the day of his death. As an illustration of his method, he said, I had a row of bottles that I wanted to fill from my hose. First I fired into the air, hoping that some water would fall into the bottles, but I found that every variation of the wind carried the spray away so that only a few drops entered, and I despaired of filling the bottles, but when I turned the spray directly upon the bottles one after another, they were soon filled. Sitting one day at the window of his study, he looked across the street to the beautiful home of one of the prominent citizens who was at that time Mayor of the city. He was an irregular attendant upon the services of the Church, but otherwise had manifested no interest in religious matters. As the pastor sat there wondering if there was not something he could do to reach this man, he saw a servant come out and turn the faucet by the fountain in front of the house. He watched the spray as it rose with copious stream and reflected on the fact that it was connected with the mountain reservoir and that the supply of water was inexhaustible. As he sat still meditating darkness began to fall and he saw the lamp-lighter passing

along to light the city lamps. He reflected that they were connected with the great gas supply and that as long as that continued the light would not fail.

These little instances enforced upon his thought the fact that if these things which seemed so small could receive a never-failing supply because of their connection, he too by being united with God might expect to have power and strength, not according to his own natural limits but according to the fullness of God. He resolved immediately that he would go across the street and talk with the Mayor and his wife about their souls' interests. The Mayor gave him a very kindly reception, and when he had unbosomed himself, told him that he was very glad to have a chance to talk with him about what he felt should be the greatest concern in his life. Before the evening was over, the Mayor and his wife had made the great decision and in a few days they were both received into the Church.

That was the beginning of an ingathering of 150 into the Church during the next two years. Seventy persons came in at one service, many among the most prominent in the town, including a Congressman. The young people were greatly moved and organized themselves for personal work. This marked an entire change in Dr. Goodell's ministry, a change which made him to the day of his death possibly the most efficient pastor

which the Congregational Church has ever known. Professor Currie has a thrilling book on his life's story and many of the theological schools are using him to-day as one of the greatest examples of pastoral efficiency.

There will always be a place for the vocational evangelist, but in the last analysis of his work, he must depend upon the evangelistic spirit in the hearts of the pastors to whom the training of these converts is committed. Much good was accomplished by those prophets whom God sent out with the great evangel, Finney and Moody and their ilk, and there are still with us men of the same fine spirit to whom the Church is greatly indebted and who ought to be encouraged in their work. The need is too great and the forces which are at work for righteousness are too few for the Church to minimize or set aside any of them. The results which have followed the work of evangelists are full of challenge. It was the message of Finney which led to the conversion of George Williams and so to the founding of the Young Men's Christian Association. It was the message of Moody which led Drummond and Grenfeld to give themselves to a service which changed university thought in England and lifted Labrador to light and life.

Still it is true, for the most part, that the ingatherings into the Church, which keep the Church of God at the front, are not those which come in

a few places through the winning of thousands but through the faithful devotion of humble pastors in a hundred thousand fields, whose record is not put down in glowing head lines in the daily press, but is registered in the deepened soul life of thousands of people and is recorded only in the Lamb's Book of Life. We hear frequently that there are not many real additions to the churches from great evangelistic meetings. The same thing with few exceptions has been told through all the years. I have before me now the *Independent* of March 31st, 1881. On the first page is an article on revivals by the Rev. Newman Hall of London. In it he says, "The mission of our brothers, Moody and Sankey was followed in some places by large admissions, but this was not the case in London. I hailed that visit and took part in it, assisted in the inquiry room and occasionally preached in connection with it. Some of the services were held in our Surrey Chapel. Yet out of a membership of 1,300 we have not three who are the fruit of that mission. It did great good in many ways. I should hail another visit, but it did not in our experience show that occasional revivals are more useful as regards conversion than the steady work of the Church."

The call of the hour is for the Pastor-Evangelist, a man of the flaming heart, who will be all things to all men if he may win some for his Lord, and will never be quite content until his personal

friends in his parish are also personally devoted to the Christ whom he loves and seeks to serve. Little children will rise up to call him blessed and the dividends which come to him in later life will give him unbounded cheer as the years come and go.

CHAPTER II

EVANGELISM FOR THE TIMES

I heard Ralph Waldo Emerson give his last public lecture. The subject was "Eloquence." He said that one of the chief elements in eloquence was timeliness. I am sure we are all agreed that this element is always a factor, even in religion. Since so much is being said about that element in religion, it is necessary to discriminate. If "new occasions teach new duties" and make "ancient good uncouth," what if the old things we have treasured in religion are really evanescent habits and customs which have become obsolete? Styles of manner and dress are relegated to the limbo or the attic. To what extent will this apply in matters of religion? Must the soul be as anxious to be up to the minute in its dress as is the body? Do the angels also change fashion in their robes and will the Lamb's Bride, "clad in linen pure and white which is the righteousness of saints," be also troubled lest her garments be out of style? Let us see about that.

The evangel of the Son of God has long been in the world. The good news is both old news and new news. What part of it has been outgrown, and what part is as ageless and eternal as

gravitation? Because a thing is old is no reason why it should be laid aside. The sun is old, but the world is ceaselessly renewed by it and if it has grown less in its life-giving power, we are not sensible of it. The sea is old and the mountains, and yet they are always new.

> "Helen's lips are sifted dust,
> Illion is consumed with rust,
> All the galleons of Greece
> Drink the ocean's dreamless peace."

But love is always new. Time cuts no furrows in its brow and floods cannot destroy it. It is stronger than death. We are quite prepared to believe that this must also be supremely true of the love of God, and since the evangel is only the proclamation of that love something of the evangel must remain forever unchanged.

It is an unspeakable comfort to realize that over against the religion that is only "up-to-date" there is another that is dateless, like its author, "the same yesterday, to-day and forever," one which had its place in the heart of God before the morning stars sang together and will be cherished there when the planets are borne out to their sepulcher along the dusty road where once blazed the milky way. The terrible things that destroy the soul have not changed, no new sin has been discovered and, alas, no old ones have gone out of fashion. Death is the same now as

when Cain looked into the face of his murdered brother. Sin is the same awful thing which broke the heart of Adam, of Edipus, and of Esau, and its shame is no other than that which Samson felt when, blind and in prison, he ground the grists of the Philistines. Are we not also comforted to sing:

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

We call Him the God of our fathers and we love to think that He also will be the God of our children and insist that He is also our God.

When John Robinson, before the Mayflower sailed, said that new light would break out of the Scriptures, was he not thinking of the same old light which had been in the Scriptures from the beginning and which lighted every man that came into the world? We may make new adaptations of steam and electricity, but with all our study we have added no new quality to either. If religion is after all a matter of style and the robe of righteousness liable any day to go out of fashion in what shall I dress my soul? If I have to wait at the door of the professor who is most up-to-date to find what gospel I can preach, or what gospel I can live, how sad is my estate, for alas, styles differ as much in theology as in the Bon

Marché! Who can tell me what will fit me and who is final authority on what is antiquated? May I still long to have my name written in that book whose pages turn not yellow with the passing years, the golden book wherein are written in all ages the names of those who have feared God and kept their trysts with Him?

While it is true that there may be a general *zeitgeist* or spirit of the age, it is also true that we have to face different mental attitudes on the part of men. There are some who are still in the dark ages, and some are entering the Renaissance. Dr. Gilkey has called attention to the fact that some among us still personify the attitude of the days of alchemy and the black arts and perpetuate the superstitions of the age of witchcraft and the attitude of the scientific opponents of Galileo. Whom then shall we take as the representative of the age? If we have those who too literally interpret the Bible, we have also those who deny it and put up arguments which were silenced a millennium ago. We have college men who turn from religion as a thing they in their wisdom have outgrown, and who do not seem to realize that in that they are at least a century and a quarter behind the times. To find those who believed as they do, all that is necessary is to go back to the Yale of 1790, when the entire student body, with two or three notable exceptions, scouted religion as effete and

unworthy of the thought of trained men, and named themselves after the French deists of their time; but President Dwight of Yale so completely answered them as to strike them dumb. If those who share their feelings now would only study history a little, they would be spared much future mortification.

It is well for flippant criticism to listen at the study door of Prof. Borden P. Bowne. He says, "We are promised now and then a new religion. We have had several of these in the last generation. Compte gave us the 'religion of humanity,' a thing about which it is impossible to speak with gravity. Mr. Spencer gave us the 'Religion of the Unknowable' which had no altars and where the worship was mainly of the silent sort—no inspiration, no rebuke, no stimulus to right living. We have come to see that if we will not listen to Jesus Christ in His revelation of the Father, it is not worth while to listen to anybody else. We do not need higher criticism every day, but we need the living faith in God all the time and I think that students need to bear that in mind."

With these thoughts in mind, let us analyze a little the question of what kind of evangelism will be really up-to-date and applicable to present day needs. That will send us back to Pentecost. That was where the Church received its first preparation for a world revival which will not be ended until the last rebel breaks his sword at the feet of

his Lord. Something happened then the like of which had never happened before. They were all with one accord in one place. The something which happened was born of prayer and of perfect surrender; that something was so mighty that it changed a poltroon and a liar and a blasphemer and made him a very lion in courage and touched his lips with such power as to cleanse them of their falsehood and their blasphemy and make them so mighty as the vehicle of truth that thousands were turned to God by the preaching of a single sermon.

Let us hope that so great a power as that, so wonderfully displayed, was not to be confined to that age, but that if the same conditions are met to-day, the same victory, the same unspeakable miracle, will take place. The false will become true, polluted lips will speak the truth, and those who took God's name in vain will now take it to such purpose that brazen-hearted sin will flee and stout iniquity will quail before it. In some way or other we must have that old-time power. Of such a sword as that, we must say as David said concerning the sword which he had once wrested from the hand of Goliath, "There is none like it; give it to me."

We must go a step farther and say that the purpose which is to be accomplished by the evangel is not an evanescent purpose; it lays hold of the springs of life. Jesus never made much of tradi-

tions. He scattered them as no man ever did before or since. To the cry, "It was said by men of old," He answered, "Verily, verily, I say unto you." He had no sympathy with ecclesiastical millinery. Religion was not a garment to be put on; it was a life to be lived. So He said, "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly." It is quite evident then that so far as the evangelism of the present day seems to make itself a thing not of form but of life, the methods of the Master are in no ways antiquated or outgrown. "Ye must be born again," is a statement that fits the twentieth century as admirably as it did the first century.

Some persons have been inclined to think that this command has been abrogated. They have tried the application of externals. They have treated, not the root of the disease, but its outbreaking form. They have tried palliatives, not to say sedatives and bromides, but in some places, at least, in the awful arbitrament of the pragmatic test, these nostrums have gone into the discard and men are swinging back to the first century to take up once more that great eternal proclamation which the Lord of life has never abrogated. Men have come to find out that man by wisdom knows not God, but the things which have been concealed from the wise are revealed unto the simple-hearted, and that now, as of old, the truth is announced, "Except ye repent and become as

little children ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of God."

To the old cry, the cry of Shakespeare,

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weights upon the heart?"

the old answer, Shakespeare's answer, comes back from lodge and club with infinite reiteration:

> "Therein the patient
> Must minister to himself."

But the answer of the first century was the answer of the cross and of Him who hung upon it: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." And as a prophylactic against despair the church continues to sing:

> "There is a fountain filled with blood
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood
> Lose all their guilty stains."

Here I am quite aware there is ground for dispute. There are some who are saying, "You make this a sanguinary religion." To that we plead

guilty. We even make bold to say that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. We affirm there is no other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved but the name of Jesus, whose name was given to Him because He should be the Saviour of the world, not by His life only, but by His death.

There is a mistaken notion that there is a social gospel which is not at all dependent on a spiritual basis and is to take the place of the old-time evangel. Those who affirm this do not read aright the signs of the times, and are not sufficiently informed as to the arbitrament of fact. As if any social gospel would be of real use which did not have a throbbing spiritual power behind it! And, on the other hand, we must not lose sight of the fact that no life of the spirit can be long maintained that does not express itself in terms of daily life and helpfulness. We are members one of another; life takes on importance from our surroundings and responsibilities. We are sons or daughters, brothers or sisters, neighbors and friends, and every one of these relationships confers obligations. None of these can be truly met unless the incentive is higher than a mere matter of propinquity or human relationship. We do not come to love God through love of men, but we love and serve our fellows because we love Him who came into the world not to be ministered unto but to minister.

There is also a mistaken notion that the climax of Jesus' teaching was the sermon on the mount. The world has paid its tribute to that wonderful message, though His detractors are accustomed to say that there was nothing in that message which was new. Jewish critics have said that it was in substance to be found in the Talmud and other sacred writings. Oriental critics have said that Confucius taught the same truths. The answer to all this is that whoever may have said the same things, no one had ever *lived* them before Jesus came. He was the first to exemplify them in His own life. But the golden rule was only preliminary to something that has greater power and outreach.

Then, too, we are asked why we do not have the same physical healing as in His time. Jesus' answer is enough. He never set great store by physical healing anyway. He used it to emphasize His wonder-working power. He told them that it was immaterial to Him in what direction that power was turned, "Whether is easier to say, Thy sins which are many are forgiven thee, or rise up and walk?" If He had been inclined to declare His mission by His physical power, He would have made that as all-inclusive as His spiritual power but there were thousands of sick within His reach whom He did not heal. To His disciples, He said, "Greater things than these shall ye do," and that promise is being fulfilled. It was blessed

to heal the blind and the lame and the leper, but to open the spiritual eyes of men born blind is a greater miracle; to heal a leprous body is not half the marvel that is wrought in the cleansing of the leprous soul.

The golden rule would do for His inaugural but the message which grew with the unfolding of His life was of quite another kind in its power. It was the message of the cross. His whole life was condensed into this great thought—*He had a passion for saving the lost.* He had come to bring life and immortality to light through the gospel. His was a message of conquest over the dread thing that peoples men's lives with ghosts constantly shrieking in their ears, "Thou didst it! Thou didst it!"—that terrible thing that digs graves and breaks hearts and ruins love and honor and undermines the proudest fabric which the architect called Life has ever built. With far-reaching emphasis the record declares, "When the time that He should be received up was fully come He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem." The shadow of His cross lay athwart His path, and it deepened with every passing day.

Now a man is likely to weigh his words when words can be but few. It is the last time that He will speak to His friends before He goes to the garden and the flagellation and the cross. Now, if ever, He will put first things first. Because they are slow to understand and believe, much

that He wanted to say to them He could not say. "Ye were not able to bear it; neither now are ye able," are His own words. Nevertheless He will tell them, in words which they will understand better, as they look back upon them, the great secret of His mission. There is no attempt to rehearse the sermon on the mount. Listen at the door of the upper room. No one can halt at the prison door in far off Athens in an earlier age without being moved by the words of him who holds the poison cup in his hand and of whom his jailer said, "He was the gentlest and the best that ever came here." It was high discourse which the son of Sophroniscus voiced that day, but throbbing as his message was with love and immortality, Socrates himself could not approach the surpassing love and yearning and certainty voiced by Him who was the Son of Mary and the Son of God.

The note He raised is higher than any other that ever fell from human lips; He only speaks with certainty. He left a throne for a manger that He might fill the mansions of heaven with citizens redeemed. The three short years of His prophetic life are condensed into this volcanic point and His message in the upper room has done more to fill the human heart with peace and hope than all the disquisitions of all the philosophers of all the ages. He is bidding His chosen friends good-by; here are the supreme values that

time and death do not change. Why should we seek to set up lasting standards who know nothing about eternities? The only One who knows told them and us what are the supreme values in life and to what they and we should address ourselves. Here we find what He wishes us to do. Here we find what is true enough and good enough and eternal enough to make us thrill with the call. It is the climax of all His messages to men, and we shall do well if we hush every lesser voice and listen to Him, minded to do His will.

There are some very practical things that have come to us in the aftermath of the war. They were apostles of a new set of things who said, "The old order giveth place to new." Galsworthy had said, "When the war is over mystical Christianity will be dead. It was dying before the war began. It will utterly pass away when the war is over." But the men who were looking for a corpse were disappointed. Vital religion has had always a strange capacity for coming back, and when there were added a few hundred thousand wooden crosses in Picardy and a million widows in France and England and America, mystical Christianity received a new life and from every martyr's grave and every hearthstone there arose a cry deeper than the heart of men had known before, "O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker." They told us that when the boys came back from the

trenches we should have to change the work of our churches, and so in some places they tried to make the parish houses a combination of a doughnut kitchen and a dance hall; but if those accomplished the thing whereunto they set themselves, we have not heard of it. That was the worst year the Church in America has had in a hundred years, and the recollection of it is still a nightmare to us.

No, the kind of truth the world must have today is *felt* truth, the truth of experience, the truth that has so much of life that if you cut it it would bleed. Christianity is a throbbing life. It brings news that fits the hour, for the soul is the same in all ages. Of course, we do not want stale news. We light our fires with yesterday's newspapers. We want such news as Jesus gave to the disheartened on their way to Emmaus. We want sight, for God is filling all the air with light. It is sometimes asked, what has Jesus to offer to people who observe the proprieties, pay their debts, are cultivated, and belong to good society, who do not gamble very much, nor drink very much and are not in slavery to their passions? The answer is, "I am come that they might have *life*." In Jesus' time the Pharisees said they had it, and the Pharisees in our time repeat that affirmation, but He made short shift of their claims when He said, "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life."

The age is not an age of theory; it is an age that exalts practice and experience. We may not understand all mystery and all knowledge, but we must have had an experience if we are to be of service. We must have some convictions about God and duty, about sin and salvation. The world will not worship and serve a God who is simply under investigation.

Since the evangel for to-day is one of personal experience, it can only be wrought out by personal work. Men do not want to read theories. They cry, "Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did another tell it thee?" What do you know about God? It is a time when our pastors must throttle ease in the study and go out into the streets and into the homes, with a zeal that flames in their cheeks and moistens their eyes, to solicit men to accept the salvation of Christ, without which they are undone. It is a time when laymen must cease to call religion an experience for ministers, and must go out, like the laymen who laid the foundations of the Church in the first century, to bring their brothers and their friends to Him who is the Light of the World. Vocational evangelists will always have their place, but they themselves understand that the ideal condition is that where each pastor, with his own officials and membership about him, undertakes to be what Jesus has called him, the light of the world and the salt of the earth.

CHAPTER III

THE JESUS WE FORGET

Probably the poem of Richard Watson Gilder which is most quoted is the one entitled "The Song of a Heathen." It represents the attitude of a stranger sojourning in Galilee when Jesus was preaching there, who had heard strange things about Him, possibly had seen Him perform some of His miracles. He sensed the atmosphere which was around him and this is what he says of Him:

"If Jesus Christ is a man—
And only a man—I say
That of all mankind, I cleave to him
And to Him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a God—
And the only God—I swear
I will follow Him through Heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea and the air."

This is what we need to remember about Jesus. One of our great thinkers affirms: "The Bible really has very little to say as to what Jesus taught, but an immense amount to say and to imply as to what He was." It is His personality which counts. It is the glorious fact that He was

God manifest in the flesh. We are to follow Him and to cleave to Him, and if we are to be His followers we must catch His spirit. We must seek according to our capacity and opportunity to do the things which He did.

In another book, *Heralds of a Passion,* I have set forth as best I could the yearning of His soul after men. I have said that His whole life might be condensed into one phrase—"He had a passion for saving the lost." I still affirm that no man has any right to call himself a follower of Jesus who does not share that passion. It is not enough to know academic truth. The worst man you ever met knows more truth than the best man you know ever practiced, and it is the living truth that Jesus affirms is the only proper test of it. So the Jesus we need to remember is the Jesus of life and not of some doctrine. When He was here, and knowing how weak and wicked men were, He yet entrusted Himself and His message to the memory of those who loved Him through death, and in His own teachings He paid no attention whatever to critical matters, even when He quoted the Old Testament. He quoted without explanation incidents and miracles which the higher critics rule out. He quoted the story of Jonah without any glosses as to whether he was a real or a fictitious character. He quoted the miracles of the Old Testament without any fear that He should lose His reputation for scholarship. No

man can meditate on this without realizing that there was something vastly bigger than such questions in His mind.

St. Paul tells us that the great mystery of the Gospel was "God manifest in the flesh," and Matthew does not hesitate to point out all the blemishes on the human side of His family tree. So He became a man among men. He bore the sweat and travail of life. Workmen loved Him because they saw the marks of their nails in His hands both living and dead. "The plagues of Egypt," as some one has said, "are as a rule the plagues of plenty," and in that one discovers why Jesus as He went among the people was constantly telling them that they must keep their soul alive whatever happened to the body. So far as the record is concerned, Jesus only wrote once, and then He wrote on the ground, but His writing must have been so plain that the Jews who watched His finger saw their own condemnation and left one by one in shame.

His last will and testament—listen as it falls from His lips! With His disciples standing about Him—"My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you." My peace is my legacy. That is my last bequest," and with that He went home.

Recently after addressing Randolph-Macon College at Ashland, Virginia, the President, Dr. Blackwell, took me to the old Hanover Court

House. That Court House was built before Washington was born, of bricks which were brought from England. It is the building in which Patrick Henry made his celebrated speech in the Parson's cause. Not far from there Henry Clay was born. My friend obtained permission from the clerk to show me a strange will which was made in 1866. You can see how far human hate can go. This is the will:

"I have made several wills before, when I had considerable property to give my wife and children, but since the Yankees have stolen all my negroes and robbed me of a great deal of my other personal property, pillaging my house, breaking open all the doors, and stealing all the clothing they wanted, I have very little left to will. They stole a gold watch from me worth about three hundred dollars, which was a bridal present from me to my wife, when we were married half a century ago. They threatened to shoot me if I did not deliver the watch to them, and burn down my dwelling house, presenting their pistols at me frequently, and I, an old man of seventy-six that was too old and feeble to defend myself.

"I now therefore make this my last will and testament, in the manner and form following; viz:

"First, I give and bequeath to my children and grandchildren, and their descendants throughout all generations, the bitter hatred and everlasting malignity of my heart and soul against the Yankees, including all the people north of Mason's and Dixon's line: and I do hereby exhort and en-

treat my children and grandchildren, if they have any love or veneration for me, to instill in the hearts of their children and grandchildren, and all their future descendants, from their childhood, this bitter hatred and those malignant feelings, against the aforesaid people and their descendants throughout all future time and generations."

What an infinite distance between the legacy of peace and the legacy of hate! But hate cannot last. It is against the laws of God. It has in its bosom the seed of its own undoing.

With a smile President Blackwell said, "After the war this man died, his sons moved west and married Yankee girls." My friend himself was an eye witness of the horror of the war, and his own family has suffered unspeakable losses. For myself, only a few miles away at Cold Harbor, my own brother had been shot. But through Christ's legacy of peace my friend and I were one in heart under the stars and stripes. A few days later I passed, with the sons of those who had faced my brother in battle, over the grass-grown trenches of Cold Harbor, and in a cornfield I picked up a Southern rifle ball shot there fifty-eight years ago. There was no bitterness in our hearts and for Jesus' sake we were brothers beloved. Let us bury all our hatred and take our part of His legacy—"My peace I give unto you."

We must not fail to remember that Jesus was the superlative individualist of the ages. We

would like to do things by wholesale in manufacture and in efforts of every kind. We used to talk in units, but now we talk in hundreds and thousands. We have gone on with leaps and bounds. We have not failed in our organizations, our systems are admirable; but where we have failed is in our *contact,* and really the actual contact is the only thing that counts. You find that in your telephone, or your telegraph or your wireless. Now the actual contact of individual heart with individual heart is the place where life begins. We have only to recall the method of Jesus. It was Nicodemus and the woman at the well and Zacchæus and Andrew and Peter. It was the message to, and the contact with, the individual heart which laid the foundations of the Church. To spend an afternoon picking up Andrew or Philip or Peter, when one might have written an article on a new park, or a fresh article on psychology or pedagogy or theology; or to waste a whole evening with Nicodemus when one might have lectured for a hundred dollars or more on the beauties of the Yosemite or the devastation of France, would seem to be a waste of energy, but measured by His standard who sat at the wall of Samaria, discoursing to an audience of one on the water of life, such an audience and such a subject are thrilling beyond words.

Personal power can only be transmitted by personal contact, and so it was that Jesus came to

reveal God to men and He Himself picked His disciples one by one and sent them out with His blessed evangel. He wrote no book, He outlined no ritual, He Himself organized no Church. He staked the future of His cause on the going out of twelve men, whose only preparation was that they had been with Him until they had caught His spirit and after the touch of Pentecost they were able to reproduce the quality of His life in the service which they should render one by one for their people. This is how our own hearts catch the fire and this is how it is distributed throughout the world. One torch lights another, nor grows less in the lighting and behold how great a matter a single torch may kindle!

Above all, let us never forget that He is not the son of Mary with influence, but the Son of God with power. Mr. H. G. Wells has much to say about His human personality. He reminds us that the old Roman historians ignored Jesus entirely. He says, "Jesus left no impress on the historical records of His time. Yet, more than nineteen hundred years later, a historian like myself . . . finds the picture centering irresistibly around the life and character of this simple lovable man. . . . The world began to be a different world from the day His doctrine was preached, and every step toward wider understanding and tolerance and good will is a step in the direction of universal brotherhood, which He proclaimed."

So this historian, disregarding the theological significance of His life, writes the name of Jesus of Nazareth at the top of the list of the world's greatest characters. For the historian's test of greatness is not, "What did he accumulate for himself?" or, "What did he build up to tumble down at his death?" Not that at all, but this, "Was the world different because he lived?" To this I cannot do better than to add those thrilling words of John Oxenham:

"Not What, but *Whom,* I do believe;
That, in my darkest hour of need,
Hath comfort that no mortal creed
To mortal man may give.

"Not What but *Whom.*
For Christ is more than all the creeds,
And His full life of gentle deeds
Shall all the creeds outlive.

"Not What I do believe, but *Whom.*
Who walks beside me in the gloom?
Who shares the burden wearisome?
Who all the dim way doth illume,
And bids me look beyond the tomb
The larger life to live?

"Not what I do believe
But *Whom!*
Not What,
But *Whom!*"

This is the thing which we must treasure above all else. It has become quite the fashion in criti-

cal circles to disparage the deity of Jesus Christ and with it His resurrection from the dead. Critics are freely saying that it is much more difficult now, on account of new scientific facts and critical results generally, to believe in spiritual things. In answer to that I would like to quote the words of the greatest philosopher of the present generation. Hear what Prof. Borden P. Bowne, of Boston University, who, more than any man in America, has represented clear, philosophical thought in the last generation,—hear what he says. "It is only the half educated who fancy that science has made our faith more difficult. Some persons who have dwelt too long in the cave of dogmatic naturalism and who are somewhat in the hearsay and uncritical stage of intellect, have been told that belief is unusually difficult to-day. It seems to be sufficient to tell such persons in reply that they have been misinformed."

The critics are saying that the men of Christ's time realized and affirmed His divinity. It was therefore very natural for them to believe in His physical resurrection, but in our time we are impressed not with His divinity but with His humanity, and therefore the scholars of to-day find it very difficult to believe in His resurrection.

The answer of Professor Bowne to all such would seem to be conclusive: "Something must have happened to change the band of fleeing disciples into the world-defiers and world-conquerors

which they soon became. If there was no fact behind it all, whence did this new conviction and mighty courage come? If nothing had resulted, if there had been only a momentary flicker of enthusiasm, we might well believe that it was all a mistake, but when the Christian Church sprang out of it and still endures through faith in it we certainly need not be ashamed of our faith in the face of anything that science or historical criticism may say. Some will call it Christian superstition; we call it Christian faith. To some it is still a stumbling block and foolishness; to some it is the faith of God and the wisdom of God. As between these views decision must be made of the survival of the fittest, and the court has been in session for nearly two thousand years. All the religious views that for one reason or another have failed to believe in Jesus and the resurrection have likewise been with us for many centuries and they maintain only a precarious existence. These have not been great enough to command the faith or stir the hearts of men."

The destructive critics, and any others who cannot accept the physical resurrection of Jesus, are welcome to get what comfort they can out of these facts. Of course, there will always be difference of opinion among men who weigh the same evidence. Witness the Supreme Court of the United States which divides on many of the greatest questions of law and fact and by a majority

of one declares their enactment to be the law of the land. We have no desire to set up a Procrustean bed on which to stretch those who disagree with us, but we would like to make it clear that in matters of this kind no scholar has a right to assume that the scholarship of the age will not allow us to affirm that the supernatural is still the backbone of Christianity. So far as science is concerned, there have been quite as many great scientists who have believed in Christianity as have repudiated it, so that their opposition to Christianity had nothing whatever to do with the science or the philosophy which are involved in the Christian faith.

There are some who feel themselves constrained, they say, by inexorable logic and the appeal to fact to deny Bible miracles in general and the miracle of the Resurrection of Jesus in particular. This would be amusing if it were not for its effect upon those who are led thereby to lose faith in the great spiritual verities. May we be allowed to say to all such that logic and fact have nothing whatever to do with their disbelief in the miracles? The disbelief is not at all a matter to which they are forced by laws of thought or argument. I am led to say this because men of far greater intellectual power than themselves have unhesitatingly affirmed their belief in these very things. I suppose there is no theological professor in any chair of Christian evidence in America who

would not be modest enough to admit that in the matter of pure philosophy he would feel that he was not worthy to lose the latchet of the intellectual sandals of Borden P. Bowne, our greatest philosopher, to whom I have referred. Hear what he says:

"Let us then as we go about our task recall the triumphs that have been following the cross from the days of His crucifixion until now. Let us strive to get something of His passion which stopped at no self-denial that He might accomplish the thing whereunto He was sent. Let us hear Him saying 'All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Lo, I am with you always.'" Let us remember the promise which He gives to all those who are sharers with Him of His passion. Let us catch the spirit of the Apostle who, remembering all these things, reminds us that night and day with tears he warned men to accept this blessed Christ, and assures his fellow-workers that if we suffer and toil with Him here we shall be glorified together.

CHAPTER IV

THE PASTOR AND HIS OWN SOUL

No man becomes a scholar or a saint in his sleep. There is an exacting price to be paid for everything that is worth while. If one wishes spiritual power it is well for him to know at the outset that this supreme gift cannot be had unless one is willing to pay the full price. Is there a sadder chapter in the history of the apostles than that one which was enacted at the foot of the Mount of Transfiguration? An agonizing father had brought a suffering son to the disciples and asked that they relieve the suffering, but their well-meant endeavors were useless and they were impotent. On the morrow the father, with a faith that had not failed, approaches the Master and tells the sad story of a need the disciples were unable to satisfy. To him, Jesus said "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." With tears running down his face, the father cried, "Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief."

It would be well for us to pause a moment to catch the spirit of the agonizing father and to enter into his passion for a suffering child. The

answer of it all is not far to seek. The Master rebukes the spirit, heals the child and delivers him to his father. What do you suppose were the feelings which stirred in that father's heart? Would you blame him if he drops upon his knees and covers the Master's hand with grateful kisses?

We are very anxious that there should be no emotion about religion. Who taught us that it was a crime for a father's eyes to know the briny wash of tears, or his heart the shout of laughter when a son was plucked from the agonizing touch of pain or the bony fingers of impending death? But note what follows: The disciples, discomforted and ashamed, say to the Master, "Why could not we cast him out?" Let the Church never forget the answer: "This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting."

It is months later. The cross has done its work. Roman soldiers, who before had never known fear, have fallen as dead men before a power which they could not understand. The door of the sepulcher has rolled away and the Master has spent those never-to-be-forgotten days with His own, and His feet are touching earth for the last time before His ascension. As He is parted from them a ringing challenge is sounded in their ears: "Go quick everywhere proclaiming this gospel. Lo, I am with you unto the end."

One can imagine impetuous Peter saying to John, "Let us hurry with this gospel. Let us

start this very moment." But John would have answered, "Said He not unto us, 'Tarry ye in Jerusalem until ye be endued with power'? Said He not, 'Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Samaria and unto the utmost part of the earth'?" So the record is that they went to an upper room and they continued in one accord in prayer and supplication, and being so circumstanced, there came at last the divine enduement. How it came and what it was we may not understand—enough for us to know that they were all filled with the Holy Spirit.

And then what happened? Of that I have already spoken. I have sometimes wondered how Peter dared, after all his failures, to preach at all. One would think that ordinary modesty and the self-abasement which a contrite soul would feel would have stopped his lips, but in his own humiliation, he realized the mercy of God for sinners like himself and so he preached that matchless sermon which, in some respects, at least, has not been surpassed from that day to this.

Let us meditate on the difference between Peter in the palace of the high priest with a cock crowing in his face and Peter on the Day of Pentecost, the mouthpiece of the Holy Spirit; and that is the difference in the life of any man when he goes to his task at his own charges with no power but his

own and no wisdom but his own little ken and when he goes surcharged with the wisdom and power of God.

One of our magazine writers has taken Jonathan Edwards to task because he said "I make it my first business to look after the salvation of my own soul." "That shows," the writer says, "how little Jonathan Edwards appreciated the real spirit of the Gospel. It shows how narrow a conception he had of what Christianity really is." The answer to all that is that the failure to understand is not with Jonathan Edwards but with his critic. These things are spiritually discerned and only those who understand spiritual things can properly understand them. We often quote the words of Turner, the painter, in answer to the critic who said, "I do not see any sunsets like yours," and Turner answered, "Don't you wish you could."

It is related that the poet Blake was one day walking on the beach at Brighton and saw the sun rise out of the vast deep. An old English miser, standing near, rubbed his hands and said, "Ah, what a sight! When I see the sun come up like that I seem to see a golden guinea. What do you see?" The poet answered, "I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host and they cry, 'Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty. Heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee O God Most High!'" Don't you wish you could

see such a vision and hear such a chorus every time the sun comes up!

Southey wrote a life of John Wesley and took the printed book to an old Wesleyan woman and asked her to read it and tell him what she thought of it. When she handed the book back, she said, "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with and the well is deep." How could Southey understand the mind and work of Wesley? You would not expect Benedict Arnold to write the life of George Washington, nor Robert Ingersoll to write the life of Dwight L. Moody.

Jonathan Edwards was right when he said, "I make it my first business to look after the salvation of my own soul." It is the same thing which Paul and John and Luther and Knox and Bunyan and Wesley had to do before they could help any other souls. How can you give if you do not possess? How can you tell others of that which you do not know yourself? The first question the inquirer propounds is, "Sayest thou this of thyself or did another tell it thee?" Are you repeating with flippant lips a twice told tale or has this been wrought by deep experience in your own soul? Here lies the secret of any Christian's power and especially that of the pastor.

Let us look further into the life of Jonathan Edwards and see what happened after he was assured of his own salvation. Wasn't Jonathan Edwards the man who preached at the little church in En-

field, Mass., on "Sinners in the hands of an angry God," from the text, "Their feet shall slide in due time," and as he preached his auditors grasped the back of the seats ahead of them lest they should fall into the bottomless pit on the spot? I may remark in passing that that sermon was a written one and read. What do you suppose would have happened if it had been given extemporaneously? "But," you say, "what utter misapprehension of the scheme of the Gospel; what ignorance concerning the truth as it is in Jesus. Of course, we know a great deal more in our time and we can state the gospel in truer terms." That we will not deny, but will content ourselves with suggesting—wouldn't it be glorious if with our greater knowledge we had Jonathan Edwards' power? Watch the unfolding of that life. No man was so responsible for the religious life of America as Jonathan Edwards. It was he who was the center of the Great Awakening which saved America in its early days. It was Jonathan Edwards who heartened Whitefield and who stood four-square against the godless spirit which would have made America a Merrymount and debauched a nascent nation at its very cradle. As it was, the enemies of righteousness had a brief triumph over that prophet of God.

Because he insisted on purity in the home and righteousness in public places, they turned him out of his pulpit in Northampton and would not

allow him to return to fill his old pulpit even on a summer's day. He goes to preach to the Stockbridge Indians, but while there he writes that treatise on the human will which the leading critics of England have said was the greatest intellectual production of the first century of American thought. Jonathan Edwards, dying President of Princeton University,—he is the man who said, "I make it my first business to look after the salvation of my own soul." Let America answer, what world-wide influences still pervade the earth which had their rise in the holy commitment of one faithful soul!

On my last visit to the churches in New Haven, I took some of the denominational Secretaries of Evangelism with me, and we went to the Registrar's office at Yale after office hours and asked permission to enter that little, low-studded room in Connecticut Hall. To me it is a holy place, and I wanted my brethren to share the inspiration of it. Opposite the door as you enter, there is a little low fireplace; a small frame hangs over it, within which this message is printed—"Horace Bushnell of the class of 1827 occupied this room in 1823-24." That would seem to be a matter of little historical interest and I have no doubt that hundreds of students and scores of professors have passed it by with a careless glance, but I knew what Horace Bushnell himself had said concerning that very room. These are his words:

"There is a little room in one of the dormitories of Yale and what happened there I hope the Recording Angel may never allow to be blotted out." It was there that the divine chrism rested upon the great man's soul. It was there in his youth at that low fireplace that he made the great surrender. It was from under the lintel of that low door that he went out into the world to carry a gospel, the blessedness of which has not faded and never will fade from the hearts of men.

It was that same Horace Bushnell who had the grace to say, "The soul of reform is the reform of the soul." When he was traveling with a friend in the White Mountains, as the shadows began to fall, they halted on the mountain side and watching the far-stretching valley and the shadows growing deeper as the sun sank behind the hills, the great preacher turned to his friend and said, "One of us ought to pray here." His friend said that they dropped upon their knees and Bushnell prayed until "I did not dare to reach out my hand in the gathering darkness lest I should touch the skirts of the Almighty."

The glory of that light never faded from Bushnell's soul. When he went up to his chamber for the last time it became the ante-chamber of heaven. Joseph H. Twitchell, coming away from Horace Bushnell's home when the seer and prophet of everlasting things was passing into

eternity, sat down and wrote in his journal: "Felt as I left the house a mighty conviction of spiritual realities and a desire to live in them."

May I also call your attention to the vindication of this great principle, which we are setting forth, in the life of John Wesley? We often speak of social service, of ministering to the sick and the unfortunate as if that were something new and modern in the history of religion. No community church or social service center has advanced one iota upon the principles which were practiced by John Wesley. In scholarly accomplishments, in sacrifice and in service, we are but belated travelers in the path where John Wesley blazed the way and still walks in the van. But all this did not bring Wesley to the place which his soul knew he must occupy in order to have the power of God. He tells us that he came over to Georgia to preach to the Indians, hoping that he might gain in such service what he was conscious he lacked, but all to no avail. "I have learned," he said, "what I least suspected, that I who went to America to convert the Indians was never myself converted to God."

When he saw the happy Moravians, Wesley asked: "What is it which they possess which I do not? Are they read in philosophy? So am I. In ancient or modern arts? So am I. Are they versed in the science of divinity? I too have studied it many years. Can they talk fluently upon

spiritual things? I can do the same. Are they plenteous in alms? Behold I give all my goods to feed the poor. I have labored more abundantly than they all. Are they willing to suffer for their brethren? I have thrown up my friends, reputation, ease, country. I have taken my life in my hands, wandered into strange lands. I have given my body to be devoured by the deep, parched up with the heat, consumed by toil and weariness. But does all this make me acceptable to God? Does all this make me a Christian? By no means. I have sinned and come short of the glory of God. I am alienated from the life of God. I have no hope."

It was in this condition of things that he came to the morning of that never-to-be-forgotten day, May 24th, 1738. Some of his Moravian friends had told him of a faith that brings joy and peace through believing. He said: "I resolved to seek it unto the end." It was on that day that he found it. Lecky, in his *History of Morals,* records that on that morning before he went out to his day's task he turned to the Bible to get some word that might cheer him. He opened at these words: "There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, even that ye shall be partakers of the divine nature." And once more, these were the words that hit him in the face, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." How far? Just twelve hours. It was that very

evening that he records: "I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation, and the assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the laws of sin and death."

And now Lecky takes up the pen again. He says, "What happened in that little room in Aldersgate Street on that night in May was of more importance to England than all the victories of Pitt by land or sea." Our own Woodrow Wilson declares as a historian, "The eighteenth century cried out for deliverance and light, and God prepared John Wesley to show the world the light and blessing of His salvation."

Boreham calls our attention to the fact that John Wesley was thirty-five years of age when he entered the Kingdom, and asks why Wesley's great day was so long in coming. Wesley always felt that the fault was not altogether his own. Any minister might well pray God to dig his grave before any man should face him as John Wesley faced William Law, who had been one of his ministers. "How will you answer to our common Lord," he says, "that you, sir, never led me unto

the light? Why did I scarcely ever hear you name the name of Christ? Why did you never urge me to faith in His blood? Is not Christ the first and the last? I beseech you, sir, by the mercy of God whether the true reason of you never pressing this salvation upon me was not this —that you never had it yourself?"

It is sometimes said that Methodism was born in a university, but that is not true. If nothing had happened to John Wesley but what happened to him at Oxford, Methodism would never have seen the light. Well says Lecky, "It is hardly an exaggeration to say that what took place at that humble meeting in Aldersgate Street forms an epoch in English history. The conviction which then flashed upon one of the most powerful and most active intellects in England is the true source of English Methodism." It was from that hour that Wesley went forth to pay more turnpike tolls, to preach more sermons, and to win more souls than any man who ever bestrode a beast. Because of what happened at Aldersgate Street, he became "out of breath pursuing souls," and so builded himself into the life of England that he influenced her for good more than any man of his generation.

I leave off this chapter as I began it: Any man who wishes power with God and men must pay the price. He must himself be in vital connection with Jesus Christ through a personal experi-

ence. Of all creeds, the blind man's creed is the simplest and most far-reaching. "This I know, that whereas I was once blind, I now see."

"If thou hast squandered years to grave a gem
Commissioned by thine absent Lord.
And while 'tis incomplete, others would bribe
thy needy skill to them,
Dismiss them to the street."

CHAPTER V

THE HOME-GOING PASTOR

It was Thomas Chalmers who said a home-going pastor makes a church-going people. Among the most delightful fellowships of my early ministry was my association with Theodore L. Cuyler, who perhaps more than any man in America at that time was given to systematic pastoral work. Our parishes joined and we often discussed the blessedness of pastoral work. His example greatly strengthened me in my determination to know my people personally.

At the end of his long pastorate he said to his people, "Pastoral work has always been my passion. It has been my rule to know everbody in this congregation if possible, and seldom have I allowed a day to pass without a visit to some of your homes." Dr. Cuyler said to me in his eager, breezy fashion, "My motto has been, study God's word in the morning and door plates in the afternoon. The physical exercise was a benefit and the spiritual benefits were ten times greater." A celebrated preacher once said to him, "I envy you your love for pastoral work. I would not do it if I could, and I could not do it if I would, for a single hour with a family in trouble uses up more

of my vitality than to prepare a sermon." Cuyler answered, "The business of a minister is to endure this strain upon his nervous system if he would be a comforter as well as a teacher of his people." It is a comment on the effectiveness of Dr. Cuyler's method that his church has had all these years a spirit of fellowship that was most marked, and of all the great churches that Brooklyn has delighted in, no one of them has to-day so strong a personality and so vital a family life.

Your pulpit is only a part of your ministry. One word in private may do more to win a soul to Christ than a sermon in the pulpit. There is a good deal of cheap talk and unseemly joking about pastoral work. With a sneer it is said, "The pastor spends his time in listening to the complaints of the saints about neuralgia and rheumatism, and the gossip of the town about the foibles of their neighbors, and he inquires with great solicitude if little Willie has cut his last tooth." Now if a pastor really does prostitute his opportunity and make a gossip of himself, verily he has his reward. But I wish to testify that whatever success may have come to me in a long ministry it has come more through pastoral work than by any other method. In the homes of my people, I was able to present Jesus as I could not do it in the pulpit. I was able to insist upon a personal choice of Christ and to rejoice with men and women whom God had helped me to

lead into the kingdom. I realize the difficulties that attend pastoral work in city life, but for more than twenty years I was able to do it in New York City and was greatly cheered in my soul by the doing of it.

I do not hesitate to say that the best preparation for pulpit work was obtained through pastoral work. I went to talk to my people not about the foolish things of daily gossip but about the great things of the Kingdom. I was indeed solicitous about all their interests, for the true pastor is concerned to weep with those who weep, as well as to rejoice with those who rejoice, but in that flow of heart pastor and people become so knitted together that no relationship outside the family itself is quite so tender nor so long remembered. To see the children's children of those you have led to Christ and to behold that for three generations the grace of God has signally manifested itself through devotion on your part is to set the joy bells ringing with such melody that the discords of life are unable to quench them.

CHAPTER VI

THE HOUSE OF OBED-EDOM

"The House of Obed-Edom." It comes to me across the years. In my childhood a dear old deacon somewhere in every prayer would offer the petition that our homes might be "like the house of Obed-Edom, where the ark rested." The house of Obed-Edom! I knew it well. There the day was bounded on the east by supplication and on the west by thanksgiving. There the family welcomed the voice of prayer as a dear and a sacred thing. There was no cant about it. The saint and father remembered each child by name in every morning prayer. If a boy has not gone utterly over, to stand in the way of sinners and sit in the seat of the scornful, there will be a tug at his heart when the noblest man he knows is talking to God about him as friend talketh with friend.

And the Sabbath in the House of Obed-Edom! May the memory of that never be blotted out. A day when a clean body and a clean soul had fellowship. Morning prayers a little more spiritual than on other days, and then the singing of the great hymns of the church with the family grouped around the melodeon or the piano. Then the ringing of the bell high up in the country

steeple. The fun was of a mild order, of course, but fun is a relative term, after all. After Church and Sunday School were over, it was not so bad, of a summer afternoon, to lie amid the clover with the fragrance in your nostrils and watch the fleecy clouds as God drove them like spotless flocks in azure pastures; or to count the swallows as they circled to their homes in the chimneys or their nests under the eaves; and then, if you had been good all the week, there was the promised trip to the *graveyard.* The mold is on the lips which smiled as they made the promise and the hands you clasped were folded long ago, and the gray head laid to rest in that same churchyard. But my children to this day think it is fun to have me tell the simple annals of the poor and how yonder man and woman, whose dust is sleeping there, fought the good fight of faith. They dressed in homespun but gained a victory greater than that which was ever plucked from the cannon's mouth.

"The House of Obed-Edom where the ark rested." It makes all the difference in the world whether the ark comes to the house as a sacrament or as a ceremony, whether love or necessity throws open the door. The ark had rested in the house of Abinadab for twenty years and nothing worth mentioning had happened. One member of the family looked after it, and the others went about their ordinary concerns unmindful of it. It

may be so in our time. The wife or mother may be forced to take the responsibility for the religion of the family. The motto on the wall may declare that "Christ is the head of this household," but outsiders would be inclined to think by the things that happen there that He was only a silent partner. Abinadab and Obed-Edom were evidently not the same kind of men and so the ark had a different reception in each house.

The Sabbath may be observed by law or by love. The children may be forced to go to church and hate the day and the service. On the other hand, a loving devotion in the home may sanctify the day so that until the last pulse beat of the children it will be to them

> "Day of all the week the best,
> Emblem of eternal rest."

In one home the Bible may be read as an ancient document to be criticized or ridiculed. It might better never be opened. In another, it is opened with reverence, read with delight and treasured in an honest heart. If one is not minded to know and love the truth, he will never find it. Ingersoll read the same Bible that Lincoln read prostrate on his face before God in the White House. One scoffed, the other prayed.

> "The owlet atheism
> Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon

Drops his blue fringed lids and holds them close
And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven
Cries out 'Where is it?'"

Obed-Edom signifies obedience. To obey is better than sacrifice. He who does most for God, receives most from God. This is sensible. "Know ye not to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey; his servants ye are?"

David did not understand the fate that befell Uzziah, who with impious, or faithless, or careless hands undertook to steady the ark at the cost of his life. So the king went back to his palace dismayed and unhappy.

The record does not tell us what blessed things happened to the House of Obed-Edom after he gave asylum to the ark. We wish we knew in what way the blessing took form. It was so pronounced that it left no room for question and word of it came to the ears of David, the king. It was only there for three months, but in that time wonders had happened and it was told King David saying, "The Lord hath blessed the House of Obed-Edom and all that pertaineth to him because of the Ark of God." That was a language which David could understand. He knew what it meant. He had received some blessings from the hand of Jehovah himself, so David brought the ark from the House of Obed-Edom into the city with gladness. If you want to know how glad he was read the twenty-fourth Psalm.

The record says: "David danced before the Lord with all his might." There have always been people who have taken offense when anybody has done anything for the Lord *with all his might.* It is written, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy might and mind and strength," but in all ages men have got into trouble by doing it. David had a wife, she was Saul's daughter, and a chip of the old block. She was one of a trinity, the other two members of which were the wife of Socrates and the wife of John Wesley. When she saw the king dancing before God, "she despised him," but for once David did not budge. He got his Caudle lecture when the dancing was over, but he plucked up his spirit and said unto Michal, "It was before the Lord which chose me before thy father and before all his house to appoint me ruler over the people of the Lord." Long rued Michal the jesting of that day!

In the days of Obed-Edom only one house could have the ark. Now every home may have what the ark stood for—worship and devotion. I make my plea for a family altar in every Christian home. How can God's cause prosper when His altars are broken down? How can Christianity triumph in the nation if it fails in the home? You ask people to give one-tenth of their income to the Lord, but the Church wants praying members as well as paying members, and it will appear that

prayer will open the purse strings as nothing else can do. Prayers and alms go together. The evangelistic spirit of the pastor can find no better place for expression than in the family life. How many of your families have family prayer daily? How many bow reverently at every meal and return thanks to Him who is the giver of every good? Set up a family altar by the nursery door; that may keep Christ there, for the children are being snatched away by the enemy of their souls. It is far easier to save a child than to rescue a prodigal —and then the bitter memories of the husks and the swine, and ruined hopes and broken hearts.

You say it is impossible to have prayers in a city home amid the pressure of social and business life. I answer, we *can* do anything that *ought* to be done. Daniel in Babylon, prime minister of the realm, found time to pray, and so did Gladstone, prime minister of England. The man who represents more money than any man in the world finds time for family prayers, and even on a journey calls his family and his associates together and humbly seeks the blessing and enlightenment of God. I know a merchant prince in New York whose house has been like the House of Obed-Edom for the Ark of God has rested there and God's blessings have been multiplied thereby. Three of his sons have gone into the ministry and all his children are vital forces in the world's noblest work. He has given a half hour every morn-

ing for a quarter of a century to the study of God's word, and every morning, with his children about him, has committed them one by one to the gracious watch care of the Father. If Burns could say that old Scotia's grandeur came from the humble house where the cotter commended his family to God, so in our time such a home as I have spoken of will leave its influence for good for untold generations and in many lands.

Set up the family altar! See that your people honor God and He will honor them. The fame of one home has come out of the long ago. After almost three millenniums, we are repeating a name which had otherwise been buried and forgotten. Nobody cares about the plan or the size of the house of Obed-Edom, whether the painter had done his finest work, or the rooms had only the fresco of the smoke of years. Nobody cares how much the house cost, or who built it. One fact rises out of the dust of its timbers and will be remembered as long as stars shine and rivers run. It held the Ark of Jehovah and for that reason God blessed the house of Obed-Edom.

CHAPTER VII

ACCIDENTAL EVANGELISM

We are constantly passing through experiences which give new valuation to spiritual things. Our own people are doing the same and here is a great field of opportunity which you ought not to neglect. A layman recently in giving an address to preachers said, "I suggest that in your consideration of next Sunday's sermon you be guided by this: Suppose you knew that you had but a few days to live and next Sunday was to be your last chance to preach, what would be your message? This may seem an unfair test but I offer it for its stimulating effect."

A lady once asked Wesley, "Suppose that you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied. "Why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this night at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning; after that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my heav-

enly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

Is it not worth while for us to ask ourselves the question now and then—ought we not to be getting the utmost possible out of life so that as we go along there would be fewest regrets and most of effectiveness?

The late Professor Bowne of Boston University has left behind him a thrilling word, addressed primarily to his students: "You are not here to be happy. If you set out with that purpose you will have a tough time of it. There is not happiness enough to go around and the kind of which there is enough is not worth having. No one can ever be built up into a crowned soul by being favored with happiness. But when you go in for the best things, the fundamental things, and keep on doing so, somehow or other you will be likely to have a good deal of trouble and pain, but it will be pain that will have something divine in it and something that you would not exchange for any so-called 'happiness' under the sun. The gates of time will spring to behind you before long—they will spring to behind some of us soon and behind all of us before long. The question then would be not—what place had we—what did men think of us—but what did God think of us and were we built into His kingdom."

The temptations in the ministry are just as great as they are in business. As ministers we

need now and then to be brought up with a round turn, to find out under some stress of circumstance just where we ought to be putting our emphasis, what kind of men we ought to be, what we ought to be doing in our own family, in our church, and in the community to make our lives most worth while. May I show you the effect of this in a typical story recorded in one of our magazines? The Editor of the *Atlantic* gives me permission to quote from an article which appeared in its columns some years ago under the title "Accidental Salvation." It is out of the ruts and it is of thrilling interest. It will be worth his time for every minister as well as every layman to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the deep message which hides in these words of wit:

"Parker was a sorehead, sullen at breakfast, surly at dinner, quarrelsome in the office, crusty on the street, a bear at the party, a hog on the road, a fly in the ointment. His wife was afraid of him, the children were afraid of him, his clerks were afraid of him, the very porter on the Pullman was afraid of him. Parker was a grouch.

"One night Parker rose at 2 a.m. to fasten a flapping shutter. Going to the window he emitted a yelp of distress which brought all hands on deck. They turned on the light. Parker was discovered sitting on the floor digging at something imbedded in the sole of his left foot. Presently it let go and Parker held up a half a needle. It was a pretty clear case that the other half had remained in his

system. Parker slept but little during the remainder of the night, fearing blood poison. Immediately after breakfast, he sought the family physician, who after patient investigation, told him he must have stepped on an already broken needle for there was no fragment of the steel to be found. But Parker knew that he was carrying in his body a deadly thing which had already started on its final mission.

"He left the office early that afternoon and went home, surprising Mrs. Parker with a display of more tenderness than she had observed in him since their honeymoon, which had long passed into total eclipse. At dinner he appeared greatly interested in the conversation of Bill and Susy about the High School party. He patted the dog, who looked at him with undisguised incredulity. All that night Parker lay awake preparing for the speedy winding up of his terrestrial affairs. He remembered the stories he had heard of similar cases, how the needle traveled through the whole body of the victim until the heart was reached and then—pouff! just like that. He saw himself sitting around in the house in dressing gown and slippers, holding his head in his hands, waiting for the fatal moment. Before dawn, however, he had resolved to face the uncertainty of the future like a gentleman, a decision which brought a warm glow of pride.

"He began to find a new interest in the plans of other people. When he went out for lunch, Parker gave a blind man a quarter, and bought a *War Cry* of a Salvation Army lassie. He called up the Trustees of the Children's Hospital, inquired how they were getting along. It appeared

that he had decided to add a cipher to his previous subscription.

"Within six months all the people who knew the old chap had recovered from their bewilderment about him—that is, they ceased to make their curiosity articulate.

"Parker had found himself. His business was doubled, his home was a temple of devotion and contentment, the local papers were speaking of him as one of our 'leading citizens.' The shadow never lifted, but it was not an unpleasant shadow. Every night he went to sleep and bade himself good-by. In the morning he rose, saying to himself, 'Perhaps this is the last day. I must pack it brimful of the things that are most worth doing.' Parker accidently achieved salvation. Sometimes his eye grew moist and his throat ached when he reflected upon the sympathetic understanding of his wife, who studiously avoided any reference to the impending tragedy and who in spite of her secret sorrow acted up to the situation in manner heroic. Whenever she pressed his hand, or patted him on the cheek, it was her way of saying, 'It is better we should not talk about it, dear.' She was a good sport, mused Parker.

"The fact that Mrs. Parker, while moving the rug in her husband's room the Friday morning following the accident discovered half of a needle the point driven into the floor may have also vouchsafed her courage to see the terrible thing through with resignation."

That seems like a facetious story, but how terribly true to life it is. What utter reversion of interests would take place if we knew our days

were numbered! When we say, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years," we are ready to eat, drink and be merry, but if He in whose hands our life is should say to us "To-night!" how we would wish we had been wise in time. "A million of dollars for a moment of time!" But the bid is not taken. Can you bring the truth of it all to the careless who come within your reach before it is too late? If you do not win them they will continue to be the bond slaves of selfish, base desires and utterly lost to God, to themselves and to the world.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PASTOR AT EPHESUS

Every true pastor longs for a message from his Lord. If he has done anything worth while, he would be glad to know of it that he might comfort his heart with the message when the fire of his zeal burns low and he is like to fail. If there is any serious fault in his ministry, he would like to know that while there is time to remedy it. He does not want to be aroused too late. It is sad to learn of a loss too late to avoid it. It is a bitter thing to know of the nature of your malady when there is no chance for a recovery.

We are interested in those pastors and churches of Asia and the long ago. We know that human nature is pretty much the same in all ages and that the sins of Asia are the same sins that flourish now in Europe and in America. If I can find out what the Spirit said to pastors two thousand years ago, I shall know what He would say to me now under the same conditions.

When I read those ancient messages the years slip away and in the place of cities far distant in time and place, I hear the names of cities I know so well, and pastors too whose hearts are athrill to know just how they stand before God

and who would give everything to know just what the Spirit would say to them and to their church.

I would not venture to bring a message of my own. It would be an impertinence for me to undertake to act as mentor to my brethren, but I may in modesty and self-abasement and effacement remind myself and my brethren of the messages which came with irresistible power from Him who holds the seven stars in His hands; the first and the last, who openeth and no man shutteth who shutteth and no man openeth, who was dead and is alive again, and behold He is alive forevermore. If such an one is to speak the greatest and wisest of us all might well halt his breath to listen. "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

"Unto the Pastor of the Church at Ephesus write:" I do not know your name but I know the names of some of your parishioners. It must be a thrilling thing to be the pastor of the Church at Ephesus. When you go down the aisles and enter the pulpit there are the marks of the men in whose footsteps you walk. Men whose ability and devotion were such that their names will shine as stars in the firmament. Bishops and secretaries and pastors who have mounted to the high places of opportunity and power.

If you are not weary of the repetition and do not wish at times that you had been yourself an ancestor and a forerunner instead of a descendant

and successor, let me call the roll of some of your great predecessors. The Apostle Paul himself founded your Church at Ephesus and was pastor there for three years. He turned over his work to Timothy, his son in the Gospel and in his letter to the Ephesians, which is preserved, he urged Timothy to stay there and look after his people. Aquila, Priscilla, Apollos and Tychicus, most famous among the saints of the early Church, all laborers here. To crown its ancient list of worthies, St. John was for years its pastor, and your pulpit was his throne in the last years of his life. Standing where you stand he remembered that epitome of the Gospel: "Little children, love one another," and when his parishioners wondered why he so often repeated it, he answered, "When that is done, all is done." Before we have done perhaps we will see the reason why the present Church needs the same repetition.

Do you realize what a legacy you have and what a marvelous thing it is to stand in such a pulpit? Perhaps it may comfort you to know that even such men as I have named needed as we do to listen to the message which the Spirit gives to the churches. It is quite probable that this message which came to the Church at Ephesus was sent when Timothy was its pastor.

But you are now the "angel of the Church at Ephesus," and it is to you that this most vital and grateful message comes:

"I know thy works and thy toil and patience and that thou canst not bear evil men and didst try them which call themselves apostles and are not, and didst find them false; and thou hast patience and didst bear for my name's sake and hast not grown weary."

It ought to make you very happy to know that all you are doing for the community is appreciated. Nobody can call yours the church of the holy loafers. You are on the job. That's a fine parish house, and the Dorcas Society and the Ladies' Guild and the Men's Club and the Boy Scouts and the Civic Club keep its doors aswing from morning till night. The message gives special emphasis to your patience. You do not begin a thing and drop it. You do not stop your agitation for better laws and cleaner streets and finer parks because some of the city fathers are soon tired and let go. You bear with the frailties and foibles of the mayor and aldermen as well as the vacillating of the saints. You are patient with those who want position and you get what good you can even from those who want to see their names in the papers as the price of their subscriptions and their toil.

I was once pastor of the Church at Ephesus myself and I know just what you are up against. I knew Demas, the quitter, and Diotrephes, who loved to be noticed, and Alexander, the coppersmith. I congratulate you on your patience and

especially because your patience was shown for Christ's sake. That is the only kind of patience that will last till seventy times seven, till the going down of the sun.

And with it all you are ready to show up wicked and designing men. It takes courage to do that, and it often brings good results. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth," but they make better time when you can get an indictment by the grand jury.

I have always thought well of Martin Luther for throwing an ink bottle at the devil. That requires backbone, whether you throw it all at once or drop by drop from a fountain pen. I am glad you stand against all iniquities, whether the men who transgressed wore ermine or homespun.

And then you are commended for your orthodoxy. "Thou hatest the work of the Nicolaitans which I also hate." I do not know anything about the Nicolaitans, and all the commentators seem to be as ignorant as I am. They may have been transcendentalists or holy-rollers or plain deists, but whatever they were, the spirit says, "I hate them," and so strong a word must have indicated a pernicious doctrine and a harmful life. Thank God you stand firm against all erroneous doctrines to banish them from the earth. What a list of virtues you possess! What a record of faithful service! All this stands to your credit.

But here is a debit sheet with one entry only. "I have this against thee." Well, with a dozen entries on the credit sheet and only one on the debit side, you surely will make a great showing. What is that one fault? "I have this against thee, that thou hast left thy first love."

Will a little thing like that make any serious trouble? "Remember therefore whence thou hast fallen and repent and do the first works, or else I will come upon thee quickly and remove the candlestick out of its place." Is it so serious as that? A ruined pastorate, a church overthrown, and Ichabod written on its walls. No light and so the candlestick thrown away! Is that true?

Yes, alas it is true. When love has gone nothing worth while is left. Brotherhood, fatherhood, motherhood mean nothing when love is gone. Here stands a woman with graying hair and pale face, her eyes have lost their luster through scalding tears. Her husband, portly and prosperous, enters the room. With deep emotion she steps toward him and says, "John I must talk to you. I cannot stand it any longer. Once I was the apple of your eye. I was more to you than all the world beside. Your kisses were on my lips. You were happy to be with me and nothing could take you from me. All that is changed now. You do not care for my company. You go your own way without regard to me. You are cold and distant; you do not kiss me and they tell me you love an-

other. I shall die if that is true,'' and she reaches her hands to his shoulders.

The strong man throws off the clinging hands. ''What are you complaining about? Didn't I find you a poor girl, working in a factory and living in a humble house? Didn't I give myself to work for you? Look at your home now! I have clothed you in silk and given you a mansion to live in. There are diamonds on your fingers and furs on your back, there is silver and china in the closet and carpets and rugs on your floors, and a chauffeur and automobile at your call. What are you complaining about?''

How the eyes of the suffering woman blaze as she says, ''What do I care about your silks or your diamonds, your silver or your china or your mansion! I would go back to the cottage where you found me and put on the calico I used to wear, I would walk the bare floors like a queen, if I could only have back the love you gave me and which made earth a heaven to my soul.''

It is only a few months since London was *en fête.* Why were Piccadilly and Trafalgar Square crowded? Why were all the streets packed with the populace? Why did the titled and the great unite with the common people in glad acclaim? It was love which broke down all barriers. It was love which set the bells ringing in church and cathedral and set the people in holiday attire to vie with one another till the very heavens were

filled with shout and colors. A princess had renounced her royal title and for the love she bore the man of her choice she turned her back forever upon one of the world's greatest thrones. All England and the world hailed with glad acclaim a love which made such a surrender with bounding joy. It was the holy day of a mighty love. Suppose that when Princess Mary had left the arm of her father, the King, and had faced the Archbishop of Canterbury, standing by the side of the bridegroom, when the priest had asked the fateful question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband," the Princess had answered, "I do not love him." What would have happened? London would have been hung with shadows, the ringing bells would have been hushed. The service would have stopped, the Archbishop would have closed his book. Mary would have walked with blanched face across the nave of that great temple of silence and reconciliation leaning on the arm of the King as she entered it and the bridegroom would have gone his way alone. Only love can bind two hearts together and only love can unite the soul with the heavenly Bridegroom. He will take nothing less.

It is the same answer which the Holy Spirit makes to the pastor and the church at Ephesus and New York and Chicago. What do I care about your tall steeples and your vested choirs, your high altars and your Gothic windows? What

are your cathedrals and your stately buildings to me? I do not need your money. The gold and silver of the earth are mine. With one fulminating stroke I could split the Andes or the Himalayas and throw gold enough into the sunlight to make cathedrals for the world. What I ask is your love. If you do not give me that I do not care what else you give, it is nothing to me."

Have you forgotten, O pastor at Ephesus, when the light of God's face shone upon you, when you could say:

> "Jesus, I love thee. Thou art to me
> Dearer than ever mortal can be."

Have you forgotten how when you went into the pulpit in the old happy days your eyes kindled, your hands were cold and your head hot and your heart was ablaze with the passion of a great overwhelming love? If the fire is out upon the altar and you stand shivering where once you stood in power; if you only go through a form from which the power has gone, may God pity you and help you, for your candlestick is already empty. Services are nothing. It is *service* that God wants. No institution can take the place of a divine inspiration.

In some way we must get back the old love. "Remember from whence thou art fallen and repent and do thy first works." How did you get

that first love and how did you lose it? Did it not grow warm in fellowship and prayer? Are the hinges rusted on the closet door where once you kept your tryst with God? So many have no appetite for the things of God. Food all about but no appetite. The doctor comes to the home and goes away shaking his head. What is the matter? Heart failure—and the end.

The only question Jesus cared to ask of Peter before his ordination was "Lovest thou me?" That is the one question that the Spirit asks of the minister at Ephesus. No service is worth while without love. What avails your orthodoxy if you do not love? The devils are orthodox; they believe and tremble. What avails all your plans and schemes, your clubs and guilds? All is hollow mockery without love. It is love which makes the pulpit a flaming light. It is love which brings the wayward home, the careless from their wanderings, the prodigal from his husks. Love never faileth. O Pastor of Ephesus, come back to thy first love!

CHAPTER IX

THE PASTOR AT SARDIS

I know you will be glad to meet the pastor of the First Church in Sardis. His fame is in all the churches. Good old Alexander White of Edinburgh says of him, "Themistocles, Plutarch tells us, could not get to sleep at night so loud were all others in the praise of Miltiades, and the ministers of the other churches in Asia were like Themistocles in the matter of their sleep, so full were all their people's mouths of the name and renown of the minister of Sardis. When he went to the communion season at Ephesus and Smyrna and Pergamos and Thyatira, for years after the captivated people could tell you his text and at the very mention of his name they would break out about his preaching. His earnestness, and impressiveness and his memorable sayings all contributed to make the name of the minister at Sardis absolutely a household word up and down the whole presbytery."

This is what the people say, but what says the spirit? "I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest and thou art *dead.*" I hear the pastor stammering, "How can you say that? I have the finest church and the tallest

spire in town, and our congregations are the largest. There are more cultivated people, more millionaires and near-millionaires in our church than in any other church in the city. We have the best music and the most dignified service, and the most popular church in town."

"*Thou art dead!*" is the awful answer of the spirit. "I know thy *works.*" Men look at the form. They are pleased with externals. Their estimate is of no account with Him whose servant you are and before whom you stand. You are proud of your services. They are only painted pictures. Your Master said, "The words I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." Measure yourself by that standard. They say you preach great sermons, but what is a great sermon? By what rule is it measured? Do homiletics and rhetoric and logic and scholarship decide the worth of a sermon? Is the sermon an end, or the means to an end? Of what use is an engine if there is no power in it? The object of your sermon is a bigger thing than its subject, and the effect of it is the test of its worth. A dead man has no conviction, not even that he is dead. How can a dead man preach a living sermon? He may go through the motions, galvanized by some passing thrill, but at best he is only one who plays upon a pleasing instrument. Your sermons are like cypress trees; they bear no fruit.

"I know thy works!" Love of praise has con-

sumed you as it did Cicero. Stern old Phocion cried, "What foolish or wicked thing have I said that the people so applaud me." But you are of another kind. You are a glutton for praise. You have to be fed upon it daily. Your soul grows faint without it. Others have walked the same path before you. That is one of the reasons why Bunyan marks a path from the pulpit steps to the city of destruction, and a sturdy old Scotsman says, "Dose a minister sufficiently with praise and you will drown his soul in perdition, if God does not interfere to save him."

"I know thy works." The inner light has failed. While you were busy here and there about things that seemed to be necessary, you forgot to nourish the holy flame. Once you knew the glory of it. If any one had told you that you would lose it, you would have said, "That can never be. I have had too deep an experience." If any one had told you you would ever be indifferent about it, you would have said, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing." But you are now in Samson's place. When you would arouse yourself to execute the old-time power, you are surprised to find it has departed and now you seek to accomplish by art what once you did by inspiration. You have "a great future behind you." It is of no use to remind yourself of the heights where you once stood. The mill will never turn again with old flood.

My heart goes out to the minister at Sardis. I know him well. He is preaching on all sorts of topics and questions that are in public thought. He has never had any diplomatic training, but he is seeking to solve the intricate questions of national diplomacy. He wants to be up-to-date. He has spent three weeks in Europe and now he is able to tell his admiring people all about how to settle the questions which the war has raised. He never worked a day in his life in a cotton factory or a steel mill, but he really wants to settle the great questions which trouble our social life, and so with the best of intentions, he rushes unafraid where wise men fear to tread. He never majored in philosophy or higher or lower criticism, but he feels he ought to bring some assertion to the settlement of Biblical criticism and what he lacks in critical scholarship, he can make up in rhetoric, so that his congregation, who are mostly uninformed, will be greatly impressed. Of course the great scholar walks softly, but the temptation to the newly-rich intellectually is almost irresistible, especially when he occupies a pulpit and no one is at liberty to talk back. When Prof. Borden P. Bowne was on trial for heresy, he was asked by the prosecutor to state his position on certain matters of Biblical criticisms. The philosopher bowed his massive head and said, "That is a matter outside of my department. I would not feel qualified to express an opinion on

a matter that only scholars after years of study are qualified to discuss."

In all these things, the pastor at Sardis is actuated by the highest motives, but in view of the message which the Spirit gives, he is making first what is only secondary at the best. He is not a diplomat, he is not a politician, nor is he primarily a professor of philosophy or social science. When his Master was on the earth he had a fine chance to preach on politics and social questions and to organize a propaganda against Rome and against the injustice of wealth and power, but He did not improve that opportunity. When John, languishing in prison and, disturbed by distempered imaginings, sent word to Him, saying, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another," He said to this messenger, "Wait here for a little." He then applied a little individualistic gospel on a blind man and a leper and a seeker for truth and said, "You go back and tell John what you have seen. The blind see, the leper is cleansed, the poor have the gospel preached unto them. That will be answer enough. John will know."

What the people in Sardis need to know is this —Have you any message from headquarters? What has God spoken? Is there any message from the Lord? You profess to be His ambassador. An ambassador cannot represent his King unless he bears some message from Him. Has

He talked with you? If so, tell us what He has said. All other voices fade in His presence.

I hope the pastor at Sardis will be mindful of the fact that he is also his brother's keeper and that he must answer both for his acts and his influence. All unknown to him, other ministers in lesser pulpits are looking to see what position the great pastor at Sardis takes that they may know what to do themselves. As there were a generation of lesser Beechers, and Talmages and Moodys and Brooks, so the pastor at Sardis is reproducing himself—others following in his steps. If he fails to lead aright, how great will be his condemnation. A young preacher, like a young lawyer or a young physician, or a young professor, is likely to regard surface conditions, the form and the technique. He will imitate the minister at Sardis in the things which are least worthy of imitation. This leader must realize that and hold himself accountable as God will also hold him.

The terrible thing about all this is that outside ministers and churches were really deceived. Sardis had a fine reputation, a reputation for being alive and successful, a model for all churches to follow. Let us thank God that the word of the Spirit to the minister at Sardis is not a judicial sentence but a warning of love. "Be thou watchful and stablish the things that re-

main which were ready to die for I have found no work of thine fulfilled before my God."

"Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the bed and Christ shall give thee light." No work of thine fulfilled! What then is the work of the Church? Let us be clear at that point. All things which interest humanity are of concern to the Church, but nothing of her work is completed unless it eventuates in a changed life and a Christian character. What has been your fault, O pastor of Sardis? Remember your commission. Keep it and repent. Why did I call you into the ministry? What was that high calling which you received? Said a great pastor to me, "I had worked for a crowd and a sensation and a place in the sun. I see now that I must turn to the cross of Jesus. I must carry on until my work eventuates in the great surrender of the soul to Jesus Christ." That is why you are in the ministry and you are to make full proof of that ministry in this regard.

Hold, or I will come in an hour unexpected. Carry him out! Room for the corpse! He is dead. Speak the words of love for God. There is no response. No, it must not be! Some day the tired hands of the minister of Sardis will be folded over his breast. Like the old doctor of the Bonnie Brier Bush he will be "tired to *death.*" No greater tribute can be paid him than to say

"He is worn out preaching." He did not rust out. He did not trifle. He *wore* himself out, but he did not die. He is to live forever and those whom he led to Christ will call him blessed here and hereafter.

There is good cheer at the last. "Thou hast a few names in Sardis which did not defile their garments. They shall walk with me in white." Think of it! "I will confess His name before my Father." There is your name in the Lamb's Book of Life. How small everything else looks now! Only one thing counts. O pastor of Sardis, mount your pulpit steps! It is a great hour. The eternities are bending low!

CHAPTER X

THE PASTOR AT LAODICEA

There is one challenge and asseveration made to the pastor of each of the seven churches. It is the only statement which is seven times repeated. It is enough to drive the blood back upon the heart and blanch the cheek of every careless pastor both then and now. "*I know thy works.*" There is no chance for subterfuge, excuse or alibi. It is not a question of reputation, of orthodoxy or heterodoxy. I pierce all camouflage and tear aside all cloaks and coverings. Every one stands naked and alone before me. No refuge of lies can avail. *I know.*

A judge may be deceived, a jury may be subborned, a crowd may be stampeded, the people may be cajoled, a minister may be one thing in a pulpit and quite another outside of it. He may be one thing to his family and another thing to his parishioners. His speech may be of gold, his acts of clay. On the street he may be full of zeal, but sloth may lie in wait at his study door. He may talk of high ideals but he may be the slave of the rich and powerful. Let no man forget that it is the "faithful and true witness" which says to each one of us "I know thy works."

To no pastor is this declaration more heart-searching than to the pastor at Laodicea. What saith the spirit? Thou sayest "I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing. I have a fine church, a big audience, a beautiful parsonage, wealthy friends, a good salary and a Pierce-Arrow car, why should I worry?"

Listen! "I know that thou are wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked." If that sentence smites your ears as you cross the threshold of the country club, I had as soon be David before Nathan as to be in your place. Tradition has it that the angel of the Church at Laodicea was no other than that same Archippus to whom Paul sends a message in his letter to the Colossians, "Say to Archippus, take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord that thou fulfil it." Would it not be unspeakably sad if after these words of the Apostle Paul addressed to Archippus as a young man, he had heeded them so little that he grew old in his indifferent ministry and when his hair was turning gray, he should receive this stinging rebuke from Him who knows the hearts of men and makes no mistake? Is there a sadder sight on earth than a gray-haired minister who has laid up no rich treasure of uncalculating, unstinted, unselfish service? If the gray-haired Archippus does not want to beg in the harvest and have nothing, if he does not wish to go into the grave of the

broken-hearted, let him listen before it is too late to the words which the youthful Archippus heard from one who loved him, "Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord that thou fulfil it." Pilloried forever in a place of shame, Archippus and his Church have coined a word which all men shrink from and detest. To be called a Laodicean is to be cast out alike by saint and sinner, to be branded in such fashion that no man can bear it without unspeakable shame.

And what is his condemnation? "Thou art neither cold nor hot. I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." The spirit of the age is the spirit of Laodicea. The ordinances of the Church are all right, if you do not make too much fuss over them. It is well to be a little religious, but do not be insistent about it. Religion is not a thing to be talked about. It is not a thing to which a man should give his energy; it is an incidental thing; don't fret about it. Don't let your piety get the best of you, so that wicked men will not be happy when you are about. You can have some good ideas without bringing them forward. You do not need to carry anything to excess. You can be friendly without being intimate. You can be scholarly without being pedantic, and by the same token you can be religious without being enthu-

siastic. It is bad form to appear to be interested in anything religious. Interest is reserved for athletics and amusements and business and politics. It is out of place in religion.

So the men of Laodicea said to Archippus and Archippus came at last to echo the same sentences and in so doing he reversed every true method of judgment both for himself and for his Church. Here is what Archippus said of himself and of his people: "I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing." This is what the just judge said of him: "Thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked." You people of Laodicea are on the high road of commerce. Your gold is counted by the merchant princes and is known among the traders, but your gold is only tinsel. I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, the coin of good deeds, that thou mayest be rich. Laodicea is an emporium of trade. Fabrics fit for kings and queens are woven here. Their rare texture is the admiration of the world. You glory in that, but let me say to you that a white robe is more regal than a purple one. To be clad in righteousness is far better than to build a big barn, and you had better beg for bread in this world than to cry for water in the next. "So I exhort thee to buy of me white raiment that thou mayest be clothed and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear." You walk the streets with painted faces, with ointment and cos-

metics you anoint yourselves. There is henna on your finger nails and under your eyes. Let me anoint your eyes with eyesalve that thou mayest see. O Archippus, what is going to happen with you? Will it be "like people like priest," or will you find your Pentecost and after that shall it be "like priest like people?"

It is conviction, it is devotion, it is eager zeal that alone can save you. I wish you were hot or cold. It was Father Taylor, the sailor preacher, who said "I would rather see the devil stand straight up in a man. That is some sign that he is coming out." The thing I cannot stand is indifference. The cold realize their need and stretch out their hands to Him who can furnish warmth and light and life, but the lukewarm will do nothing.

"What are your speculations?" said his friends to the dying Faraday, most devoted of Christian scientists. The Christian scholar replied, "Speculations, I have no speculations. I am resting on certainties. I know Whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

In another book, *Heralds of a Passion,* I have set forth the passion of Jesus and have declared that Christianity being a life must be impressioned and that I reaffirm.

But with all the terrible heart searching which the spirit gives to Archippus, let the minister of

Laodicea behold the tears in the eyes of Him who speaks: "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." These are not only the warnings of a friend, they are admonition of a father and a mother. It is because I love you that I cannot bear to see you go on indifferent to the end. It is because of what I see in you that might be mighty for God and men if once aroused that I am seeking to stir you out of your lethargy. My heart is yearning for you, but that is not all. "Behold I stand at the door and knock." With gracious importunity, he does not say to the husbandman of the fruitless tree, "Cut it down, why cumbereth you the ground?" That decree has not yet gone forth. There is a story good enough to be true of how Holman Hunt, the artist, when he had painted that famous picture where Christ is waiting outside the door, was so moved by the thought of it that he himself threw wide open the door of his own heart saying, "Come in, thou heavenly Guest."

This is His promise, "I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me." How can two sup together except they be agreed? How can the Jesus whose tears fell upon the shingly beach at Galilee and in the fastness of the mountains, how can He consort with those who are lukewarm religiously? How can He bring the pearls of His devotion to those who by their lives will trample them under their feet? He who arose

to pray a great while before it was day; He who was so zealous that they took Him to be John the Baptist, or one of the prophets come back, how could He fellowship with the indifferent and the dilettante? No man can sup with Him who does not share His passion. "If so be that we suffer with Him that we may be also glorified together" is the ringing challenge to the Church at Laodicea.

How his heart blazes as the spirit says to Archippus, lift your eyes to the far horizon, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my Father's throne." You must pay the price in sweat and toil, in consuming anxiety, and bloody travail, but if you will do that you may be an overcomer. All that is mine is thine. As I paid the price and overcame and am sat down with my Father in His throne, so will I grant to you to share my glory.

O Archippus, take heed to the ministry which thou hast received from the Lord that thou fulfill it. "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches!"

CHAPTER XI

THE PASTOR AT PHILADELPHIA

It is an interesting coincidence that the two churches which received no rebuke—the suffering church at Smyrna and the weak church at Philadelphia—are still extant, while the other five churches long since passed away. Gibbon calls attention to the fact that in his time the candlestick of Ephesus had been removed; Laodicea was peopled with wolves and foxes: Sardis was a miserable village, the god of Mohammed was invoked in the mosque, and the population of Smyrna was supported by the foreign trade of Franks and Armenians. Philadelphia alone, he said, had been saved.

We do not affirm that the preservation of a Moslem town where once a Christian pastor shepherded his flock, is the reward of his faith or the result of his self-sacrifice, but it is interesting historically to note what has happened to seven cities where once the ministers of our faith proclaimed their message. We may at least meditate with Macaulay's New Zealander on the ruins of London Bridge that the luster and glory of human pride last but a little while.

Hear the message to the pastor of Philadelphia!

The one who gives it says, "He that is holy and true, who openeth the door of opportunity and no man shutteth and shutteth and no man openeth." May each of us hear from the same lips the greeting to the pastor of Philadelphia! "I know thy works. Behold I have set before thee an open door and no man can shut it." Let us thank God and take courage. We will not be exalted above measure by what follows, but it will keep us from losing heart when our faith is tried. "Thou hast a little strength and hast kept my word and hast not denied my name." Measured by the standards of ministers' meetings and conferences, it is a far cry from the stately, famous church at Sardis to the weak church at Philadelphia. There are plenty of ministers who are anxious about the health of the pastor at Sardis, or if he is still robust they wonder how long before he will be called to a secretaryship or be elected Bishop. They would gladly undertake to fill his shoes at Sardis, but Philadelphia is a bird of another feather. There is no competition for that pulpit.

When I was a stripling and was sent to my first charge a minister who had been a pastor there years before said, "I congratulate you on your appointment." "Is it then a fine field for a pastor?" "I did not say that, but I congratulate you that you have been sent to so poor a church that you can never be sent to a poorer." Ah, no,

the pastor at Philadelphia does not have to worry for fear some one will steal his job, but if he only knew it, it is infinitely better to have an open door in Philadelphia than a closed door in Sardis. That first appointment of mine furnished a field for the best that was in me and I treasure to-day the lessons I learned there, the faith I gained there and the Christian fellowship I found there. Any place where a soul can be near to God is a great place, hard by the gates of heaven.

O pastor at Philadelphia, the little church with the little strength, you are yet to save the world. The streams of influence like the springs of the river rise in quiet places. The world's great men were mostly born in humble places and cradled in want and toil. Presidents, senators, millionaires, laymen and ministers were born on the farm and in the little village. Let the little Christian chapel and schoolhouse look after them in their youth, for some day they will be seated in the seats of the mighty and they will be on the official board at Sardis.

"Thou hast a little strength and hast kept my word." You may have but a little strength but God is omnipotent and His strength is yours for the asking. Herein is your strength: "Thou hast kept my word and hast not denied my name." An old Scotch Covenantor quaintly says, "The minister at Philadelphia had but little strength of intellect and little learning, but what he lacked

on the mere mental side was more than made up to him on the moral and spiritual side. And that wisest by far of all the seven ministers of Asia soon found out where his true strength lay and threw himself with all his weakness upon his true strength. In his preaching whatever his theme was, he soon found his way to Jesus. That was the name above every name and he was never tired of proclaiming it. So it was that he received that greatest encomium: "Thou hast not denied my name."

It was lamented by a puritan preacher that the men of his time were so busy with the signs of the times and the direction of the wind called Euroclydon and the date when the Gospels were written that they had no strength left to proclaim the Gospel itself. Alexander White adds: "I have myself, to my confusion of face, I confess, wasted many a precious hour in this pulpit on Euroclydon and on the time when the Prophets and the Psalms and the Gospels were written, but I am beginning now to number my days and I am, as you will witness, turning my own attention and yours far more to the name of Jesus Christ in imitation of the minister at Philadelphia."

There are fine opportunities now and many helps so that the minister of Philadelphia can hope to develop the little strength of his mentality and of his scholarship. He must needs apply himself to these. It is God's way of increasing

his power, but let him not forget that for every hour he spends in critical study, he must spend another in holy meditation and on his knees. If you are the pastor you must feed your flock. There is no food in criticism. Your people will starve to death on it. Even were you able to undertake it after some fashion, you had better leave that to the men who spend their time at it. You give your time to the ministry. Have carved in the timber over the window in your study, where you can see it every time you lift your eyes and on the back of the pulpit where you will face it before you rise to preach, the same words that Bonar had carved in the little parsonage of his first charge and in his great city church at Glasgow—"He that winneth souls is wise." And put at the end of the church where you can see it all through the sermon the same cry which is cut on the faces of your people, "Sir, we would see Jesus."

"Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of thy temptation which shall come upon all the earth to try them that dwell upon the earth." That does not mean that a minister will have no temptations. His Master faced them in the wilderness and he will have to face them in the study, on the street, and in the pulpit. By so much as he stands for attainments of any sort, by so much his temptations will be multiplied. Is he a great

preacher? He will look over his congregation and say, "Behold this great Babylon which I myself have builded. I do not need God's help. I can go alone." If his pews are empty, he will be tempted to lose his faith and to surrender to despair. If people speak him fair, he will be puffed up, and when he has lost his simplicity and his humility there is poverty for his soul. When people are jealous of his power or repudiate his zeal in their behalf, when old friends turn away from him because he has spoken the truth—all this will hurt unspeakably, and at times he may almost be ready to curse God and die. But let him never forget that God has put an open door before him, an open door into the secret place of His own presence, where his strength may be renewed, where he may mount up on wings as eagles, run and not be weary, walk and not faint. While we are in the world we shall have temptations, but hear the Master saying, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." "Behold I come quickly."

As to the final coming of our blessed Lord to terminate the evil and diadem the right, there may be a difference in the convictions of men. That time may be nearer or farther away than we think, but this is true for every one of us—"Behold I come quickly." It may be at morn, or noon or eve; any day may be the last and we do well to ask ourselves each day, "Are there any last things I should like to have done, are there

any little odds and ends of service that I would be glad to accomplish before the shadows fall?" There is no sorrow but only joy in that sense of the immanence of Him whom our soul loveth. Since He may come at any time, therefore, "hold fast that which thou hast that no man take thy crown." I do not think that there is a selfish thought behind this exhortation to horde what one has or to see to it that nobody else gets the reputation and reward for work that we have done. The only crowning that God knows anything about is the crowning of the faithful. He did not say, "Be thou successful and I will give thee a crown of life." He only said, "Be thou faithful." Hold to thy task a little longer. The end of it may be nearer than you think. Let no one take the crown that belongs to you. See to it that you are found in your place. "He that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God and he shall go no more out." Think of it, little man, to be a part of the living temple of God forever!

Philadelphia was overthrown by earthquakes again and again. Any temple or shrine might be overwhelmed in the night, but no such cataclysm shall befall the temple of my God. Thy penny rushlight may be a star to shine forever and upon that noble column which God has called you to set up there may be written a *new name*. May I be there to see!

CHAPTER XII

THE PASTOR-EVANGELIST'S OUTLOOK

What then is a pastor? The passage in the New Testament which we translate, "I am the good shepherd" stands in the Vulgate "Ego sum Pastor bonus." So the function of the pastor is the function of a shepherd. But when Jesus said, "I am the good shepherd," he also said, "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." So the business of the pastor is a business of life; for life and, if necessary, to the death; of life because the great Pastor said, "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly;" unto death, for the good Pastor said, "The good pastor giveth his life for the sheep. An hireling will flee because he is an hireling and careth not for the sheep." Just in proportion as one is a good pastor he will, like his Master, give his life for the sheep. Now the shepherd's business is to look after those who are going astray. Jesus said in substance, "You cannot educate the world into a new life; you have to suffer for men, and if necessary die for them." Jesus was indeed a teacher, and He had to educate and instruct, but He says that what He came for was "to seek and to save that which was being lost."

The lost man, like the lost sheep does not come home of himself. He has to be sought. It is not enough to build your church and to stand in your pulpit and say "Come." You have to go out and seek, if you would save. When the passion for souls dies out then all sense of the reality of religion perishes. It is when we see Him healing men that we have faith in the great physician; it is when we see the lost being saved that we believe in Christianity, and when the passion for the lost dies out in the pulpit, men will shiver around its cold ashes instead of warming their souls at the blaze of a light which was kindled in the heavens.

Hoover said the other day that "nothing could save the soul of the nation and of the Armament Conference except to evangelize them."

Let us get then a clear conception of what the pastor is. The pastoral function is nothing more nor less than to watch over the sheep and to bring those who are straying back into the fold. Is it not time to go back to the one business for which the Church of God was organized and inspired? They are telling us that over ninety per cent of our laws are for property and ten per cent for life. How large is the proportion of our endeavor that is directed to the form of things and how much to the life which giveth form to the Church? Are we not long on church architecture and church millinery and theological dis-

quisitions and critical subtleties, and short on Christian love? Is it not certain that the only truth which amounts to anything is felt truth? Is it not sight that we need at present more than light? The world is full of light if only we have eyes to see it. What will our knowledge profit us without love. "No more," said Wesley, "than it profits the devil and his angels." Is it worth while to spend our strength on purely intellectual truths? In what church was a heresy trial ever followed by penitents crowding to the altar? It has been said that a heresy trial is like a dog fight in a flower garden; the only things that are settled are the flowers.

The world wants Christ; the Christ of purity and of sympathy, and of the passionate and yearning soul. There is a story of a mission worker speaking at a socialist meeting when a woman, with eyes aflame, cried: "Do we have to have this blankety, blank religion rammed down our throats? So far as I am concerned I wish every sky pilot could be stood up against a wall and shot." But the sky pilot, in the spirit of his Master, sparred for time until the crowd permitted him to go on, and when his address on the love of his Lord was over, the black-eyed vixen said, "Is that what the Church wants to tell us? Is that the message of Christianity? Why haven't we heard it before? Come again and tell us more about it."

Everything else has been preached from the pulpit and every nostrum has been tried. Many who thought they had some other message than the old one have at last turned to the Master and said, "Why could not we cast him out?" They have heard from the Master, "This kind cometh not forth but by prayer and devotion and the loving soul." The evangel of the cross is old news and new news and good news, and the only news that a sinner needs in any age of the world and in any condition of sin. Human nature now is the same thing that it was when Pharaoh ruled in Egypt and Attic poets sang and devotees poured their libations at the shrine of Diana and amid the mysteries of Isis. Sorrow and sin and shame and death have not gone out of fashion. In the midst of all materialism and all wanderings away from God, the great silent stars look down and seem to say, "Whither so fast, little men?" The mourners still go about the streets, and the men, who by the grace of God are saving the world, cry out—"Oh, come let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker." No modern lights can put out the old ones. You cannot cut away the azure arch with a sword, nor with all your cannonading overwhelm the stars. Why should we fool with the nostrums of little men while Jesus stands in His resurrected glory saying, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go quickly everywhere.

Lo, I am with you even unto the end of the world."

If the pastor is really the shepherd of the sheep, the one attribute which will stand out above all others is love for the sheep. If he does not love them and does not know them well enough to call them by name, he will have no influence with them. Long ago on the slope of Hermon, I said to an Arab shepherd, "Is it true that you have a name for each one of your sheep, and do they know it and will they answer it when you call?" He said, "It is true." "Then," I said, "will you please call some of them to you?" He hesitated a moment and said, "This is their feeding time. It is the worst time in the day to call them." "Ah," thought I, "is it not true with the great Shepherd that many of His sheep are so busy in the 'feeding time' that they do not hear the voice of the good Shepherd!" "But," said the Arab to me, "I think I may still be able to make them hear me." Then he called in a tone as sweet as might have been sounded at the door of Jacob's tent when he called for Rachel. On the second repetition of the name a sheep, perhaps two thirds as far away as any, lifted her head, waited a moment as if to be sure, then when the call was repeated she bounded at the top of her speed and came up to the shepherd and laid her head lovingly against him. No one but a loving shepherd could do that in Arabia or anywhere else.

What would have happened if, when Mary

came to Simon's feast with her alabaster box, Jesus had not been there? And what would have happened when the prodigal came back if there had been nobody at home but the elder brother? The pastor must care for his sheep, and *care* to care. If he wears a mask, some day it will slip; if he simulates an interest which he does not really feel, discovery is not far away; and in some stormy night or in some busy day, his self-consciousness will make itself so clear that all the world will know that he is an hireling and the sheep are not his.

With that love for the sheep there will go a solicitude which will brook no denial. If the trophies of Miltiades would not allow the younger Greeks to sleep, the pastor will realize that a battle is on greater than in the Valley of Elah; that the World is battling for the life of the pastor's flock, and is taking the Flesh and the Devil to bear him awful company. If the pastor really at heart feels there is not much difference between him who serveth God and him who serveth Him not, if he thinks that because a man lives in a three-story house and keeps an automobile and carries a cane and uses visiting cards he is, therefore, not far from the Kingdom of God, he will not be likely to give up an afternoon on the golf links to make sure that he has crossed the line into that Kingdom. But if he realizes that there is an infinite distance between those born of the

flesh and those born of the spirit, that the declaration of the Master is as true for the rich as for the poor, as true for the learned as the ignorant, "Ye must be born again," he will give up any engagement and pay any price to see that new birth accomplished. All the thirty-nine articles are condensed into three in the hour when life is trembling in the balance. "Ye must be born again," you can be born again, and now is the time.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PASTOR-EVANGELIST'S MESSAGE

What the pastor is will always speak louder than what he says; so in any estimate of the pastor's message, let us begin with himself. There is a familiar story of an old monk who took with him a novice from the monastery and said: "Let us go down into the town and preach." They passed through the streets and the market place, saw men at their work and little children at their play, and at last took the winding road toward the monastery. "When are we going to preach?" asked the novice. "We have been preaching all the time," was the quick response.

There is an automatic influence which goes forth like an exhalation from a good life and of that the pastor may be quite unaware. Moses wist not that his face shone when he came down from the mount. The Shulamite woman, watching Elisha, said: "I perceive that this is a holy man of God that passeth by us continually." It was for that reason that she sought him when death stalked in at the door. Racing with death she crossed the great valley to Carmel. She would not be satisfied with his staff or his servants; her trust was in God's prophet. "As the Lord

liveth and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." Her faith was rewarded when the prophet put his heart to the heart of the child, lip to lip and body to body, and life came back.

Here stands Tennyson with his singing robes about him and chants the story of the spotless Sir Galahad:

"While Galahad thus spoke, his eye dwelling on mine
Drew me with power upon me, till I grew one with him to believe as he believed."

Dr. W. V. Kelley quotes the stately words of Macaulay:

"It was before the deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the synagogue, and the doubts of the academy, and the pride of the Portico and the fasces of the lictor and the swords of thirty legions were humbled in the dust."

We shall now pass to consider with some definiteness the form of the evangelistic message which the pastor's lips must proclaim.

One never-to-be-forgotten day in the life of a king and of a prophet, Zedekiah took Jeremiah out of prison and brought him to the palace and

said to him secretly, "Is there any word from the Lord?" and Jeremiah answered, "There is." Now whether they own it or not, that is the query in the heart and on the lips of every thoughtful person who goes to church. The preacher's one business is to keep God before him. If I leave my home to-day and forego my books, or my games, or my friends, or my family, will it be worth while? Shall I hear an essay, or a disquisition, or a message which will be the word of a man with no more of training or experience than I have—a thing that I could evolve from my conscious or sub-conscious mind, or will it be a message which has been forged in spiritual heat and tempered of the Holy Spirit to reach my soul, so that I shall say, "It is the Lord. Let Him speak for His servant heareth?"

When one comes to think of it, is there a sight more impressive than the attitude of a hundred or a thousand people waiting quiescent to hear what another man will say about the life which is eternal? If the man who listens hears only a human voice and a human message, will he not say, "I asked for bread and have received a stone"? Do you blame him if he does not come again?

And what is the effect on the man who has spoken? He knows he had no message from the Lord; he knows he is performing a useless function, like some old sibyl who prophesied in ambiguous terms about matters concerning which she

had no knowledge. Compare such a message with Peter's on the day of Pentecost, or Paul's at Philippi, or on Mars Hill, or at Ephesus, or at the chief captain's palace, or before Festus or Agrippa at Cæsarea. Would there be any question whether there was any word from the Lord, if we had listened to him? Ought not every preacher to say:

> "Take me, who am not meet
> One word of that great story to repeat.
> Wash my lips clean that I may bring
> To men the message which the angels sing."

We are sometimes told that the modern minister must get a new vocabulary, that the old one is inadequate and outgrown. Perhaps that is true, but is it not also true that we shall have to get a new vocabulary or a new experience? The one we have been using is too big for our message. If it is inadequate, is it not because we use words whose meaning we do not know by experience? If our message is only words, are we not like birds on some telegraph wire who are all unconscious of the great messages which throb under their feet?

In "The Glass of Fashion" a "Gentleman with a Duster" quotes Goethe as saying that what saved him was "*inner earnestness.*" "It was the same thing," says the author, "that saved Mrs. Gladstone from becoming a Margot Asquith, and

for lack of which society is now driven far out of its course of right and wrong. Russia has a thousand qualities which deserve the admiration of mankind, but lacking the one quality of moral earnestness it is stricken with death.

"Philosophy sought to preserve the moral character by improving the ethics. Christianity reversed the order and by that revolutionized human thought. Thus she swept away the rank vapor which steamed up from the corrupt heart."

There are great thoughts to bear in mind when we come to bring a message to men out of the unseen holy. Until thought becomes a passion, it seldom becomes a power. It was with this in mind that Professor William James wrote:

"I believe that feeling is the deepest source of religion and that philosophical and theological formulæ are secondary products like translating into another tongue."

The message that the world is dying for is the message that has conviction in it, that *must* be delivered, that has been wrought in the hot fires of the preacher's own spiritual experience. It must be as much up-to-date as the last pang of the listener's conscience, and as dateless as the eternal love which had its birth in the heart of God.

We talk about many things that do not count. We raise men of straw for the sake of showing

how we can demolish them. We face the doubts of men with ponderous broadsides of logic and rhetoric. Most of those doubts are pure subterfuges. The New Testament wisely puts heresy among the evils of the flesh. Say ye to the righteous, "It shall be well with him." No man doubts that in this or any other world. "Say ye to the wicked, It shall be ill with him." No man doubts that in heaven or earth or hell. Why not preach it then until the wills of men are moved to act in harmony with it? No man doubts that he who walks with God walks a way that is happier than the path of dalliance, and brings the soul into delectable experiences. Even the wicked know that "the path of the just is as the shining light which shineth brighter and brighter until the perfect day." Tell men to put their doubts in their pockets and go to walking with God, and some day when they feel for their doubts they will find they have utterly vanished. Don't bother with little matters, life is too short and too big. Eternal destinies are in the balance. Doors of time and opportunity are swinging, and the last door, opening to the great Adventure which men call Death and the angels call Life, is just ahead. Preach the word!

CHAPTER XIV

THE PASTOR-EVANGELIST'S REWARD

The reward of the evangelistic pastor is threefold. First, the sense of fellowship with his Lord. He knows that his Master came to seek and to save the lost, and now at last he is certain that he can see the footprints of his Lord in the path which he treads as a seeker after those who have gone astray. Whenever his heart is burdened and his faith is like to fail, whenever his mind and body are alike weary, he recalls for himself the life-giving message, "If so be that we suffer with him that we may be glorified together." It is this feeling that will vitalize his words. They will be charged with a current that quickens and thrills. There are many men who are zealous advocates of the truth for the truth's sake. It is the truth which they apostrophize and for which they would be willing to go to the stake, but that is not the kind of truth that Jesus talked about.

Dr. Dale, speaking at the last as he looked back over his ministry, said: "I fear that the truth occupies too large a place in my thought and that I have been too much occupied with the instrument for effecting the ends of the ministry, too little with the actual persons to be restored to God,"

and so he says: "If the hearers felt that the preacher's earnestness was about themselves and not merely about what he believed to be the truth the impression would be altogether different." It is when we realize that we are giving hands and feet to take the place of those that were nailed upon the cross that we get a sense—a compelling sense—of what it means to have a passionate longing to see men brought to Christ. How glorious it is to feel that, according to our measure we are thinking the thoughts of Jesus after Him and giving ourselves to the same absorbing task which fairly consumed our Lord. Well says Dr. Jackson, "This passion to win men is the fountain of all preaching that is of the prophetic order." He calls attention to the fact that there were in Great Britain in the seventeenth century four great preachers living and working side by side—Samuel Rutherford, Joseph Alleinne, John Bunyan and Richard Baxter. They were men of widely varied gifts and attainments, but in the ministry of each the same high note of spiritual passion is heard. "Many a time I thought," writes a contemporary of Rutherford, "he would have flown out of the pulpit when he came to speak of Jesus Christ." Infinitely and insatiably greedy for the conversion of souls, Alleinne preached his gospel with shouting voice, flashing eye and a soul on fire with love. "In my preaching," says Bunyan, "I have really been in pain

and have, as it were, travailed to bring forth children to God." Baxter questioned himself as he stepped into his pulpit, and the ring of conscience was in his ears, "Dost thou believe what thou sayest? Shouldst thou not weep over such a people and shouldst thou not with tears interpret thy words?" Long before, the same passion swept the mighty soul of Paul—a desire to be like his Lord—and so it is written that he was "constrained by the word." The urgency of his message was like fire shut up in his bones. For the space of three years, he tells the Ephesian elders, "I ceased not to admonish every one night and day with tears." When his friends, foreseeing his danger, besought him not to go to Jerusalem, he said, "What mean ye to weep and break my heart, for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem, for the name of the Lord Jesus." So utterly did his Lord's passion control him that he said, "For my brethren and companions' sake I could wish that I myself were anathema from Christ." It is glorious to feel the thrill which these great souls have known: to be sure that with unabating urgency the call which has led others to service and sacrifice unspeakably glorious is thrilling one's soul.

The second great feature in the reward of the evangelistic pastor is the evidence of changed lives—to see bad men becoming good, the blasphemer become a man of prayer, the drunkard

and libertine become a man of continence and purity. Old things pass away and all things become new. The life which once they loved they hate; the life which once they hated, they now love. Ah, these glorious transformations—miracles of grace! No man need have any troubles about the miracles of the first century, when every year brings him fresh miracles that are as much more transporting than the physical miracles of the first century as are the things of the soul superior to those of the body.

What are the things which give joy to the pastor as the shadows of the evening begin to fall? The triumphs of oratory, the "well-done" of the critics, the laudation of friends? How little and far away all this seems. The voices which spoke them have in many cases ceased and the laurels of those years are dry and rusty now. A new generation has arisen and the old triumphs are forgotten of men; but there is one thing the glory of which never fades away—to feel that there are some who are now on the way to heaven, who would not have been in the fold but for your shepherding care; to realize that some have already passed within the vale, who, so far as human wisdom can discern, would never have found the glorious reward of service if you had not led them to Jesus; to feel the joy of their own testimony ringing in your soul, and to know that for all eternity they will be drawing dividends from your faithful

service—that will make one's old age happy; that will put life under the ribs of death; that will give a joy which is unspeakable and full of glory!

The third reward, which comes to the faithful evangelistic pastor is the reflex influence which comes to him through such service in the building up of his own spiritual life. Doing God's will, he comes to know of the doctrine; seeing miracles of grace, he comes to have a faith that is utterly without question—he lives in an atmosphere of reality. His preaching is not an art; it is an incarnation. His message is not a human message; it is a message from the heart of God; it keeps his own soul alive. He never crosses the dead line of ministerial inertness and despair.

"Are you not lonely?" said some one to a lighthouse keeper, whose home was far from the shore. "Not since I saved my first man," was the thrilling answer of the watcher of the sea. Said a great preacher to me years ago, "I would go out from this elegant home of mine without a dollar, if I could only have the joy of knowing I had saved a soul."

If the only dividends which the Christian minister gets are the dividends which are current coin on the counters of the merchants, what a sad estate is his, for it is a fact which is humiliating to the saints and gives occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme that the poorest employer of labor in America is not the Steel Trust, or the

Oil Trust, or the coal barons, but the Christian Church. It is the scandal of the age that street sweepers and ditch diggers are better paid in the coin of the realm than the men whom the Church puts into her pulpits and asks to minister to her in the holiest experiences in life. 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true!" "There was a little city and there came a great king against it and besieged it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man."

The greatest dividends are those which shine with unabating brilliancy when suns and systems are no more. Giving up his life, the pastor finds it again in the changed lives of those twice-born. He need not hold his hat in his hand, or be a mendicant for any man's support. It is a shame that men may forget him, but he has meat to eat that the world knows not of. As Bunyan, in prison, still walked the delectable mountains and had white angels singing lauds for him, so the faithful pastor has evidence of God's presence and power in all the years, which gives him a faith which will not strike its colors before any onslaught which doubt can make. He cries out with the ring of eternal victory in his soul, "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Hath he not always

friends, that faithful shepherd,—himself, his Maker and the angel Life!

To his converts at Macedonia, Paul exclaims, "For what is our hope or joy or cause of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming? For ye are our glory and joy."

Sixteen centuries after Paul, John Bunyan made the same acclaim. "I have counted as if I had goodly buildings in the places where my spiritual children were born. My heart has been so wrapped up in this excellent work that I account myself more honored of God than if He had made me emperor of all the world or the lord of all the glory of the earth without it."

When Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler came to the end of forty-four years of Christian ministry he took for the text of his valedictory sermon the words of Paul which I have just quoted. In that sermon, he said, "Converted souls are jewels in the caskets of faithful parents, teachers and pastors. What Lord Elton from the bar, what Webster from the Senate Chamber, what Sir Walter Scott from the realm of romance, what Darwin from the field of science, what monarch from Wall Street or Lombard Street can carry his laurels or his gold up to the judgment seat and say, 'These are my joy and crown?' The laurels and the gold will be dust—ashes. But if so humble a servant of Jesus Christ as your pastor can ever point to

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the gathered flock arrayed in white before the celestial throne, then he may say, 'What is my hope, or joy or cause of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of Christ at His coming?' "

"It is not in vain that he has trod
This lonely and toilsome way.
It is not in vain that he has wrought
In the vineyard all the day,
For the soul that gives is the soul that lives;
And bearing another's load
Doth lighten your own and shorten the way
And brighten the homeward road."

THE END

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